

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

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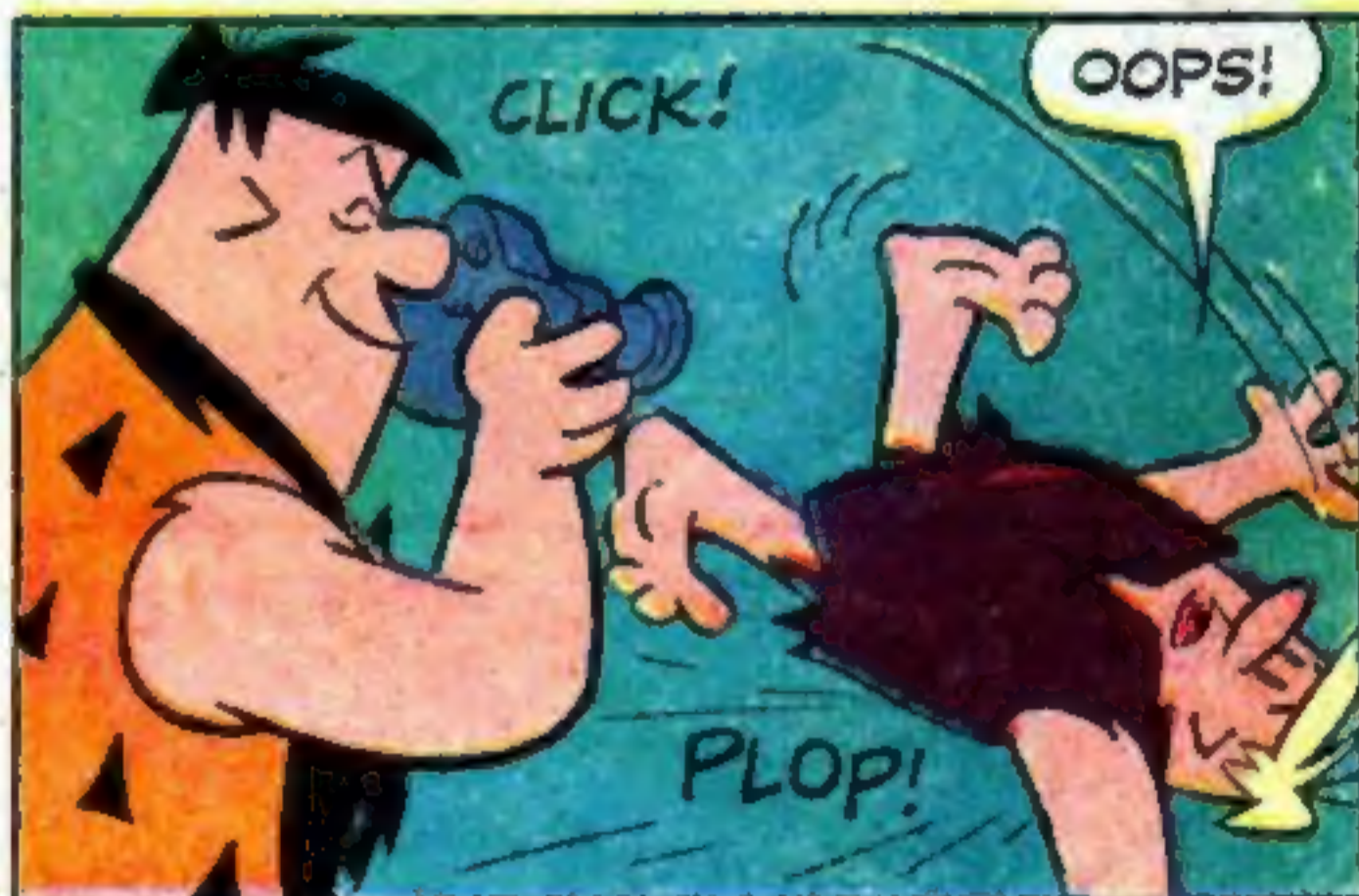
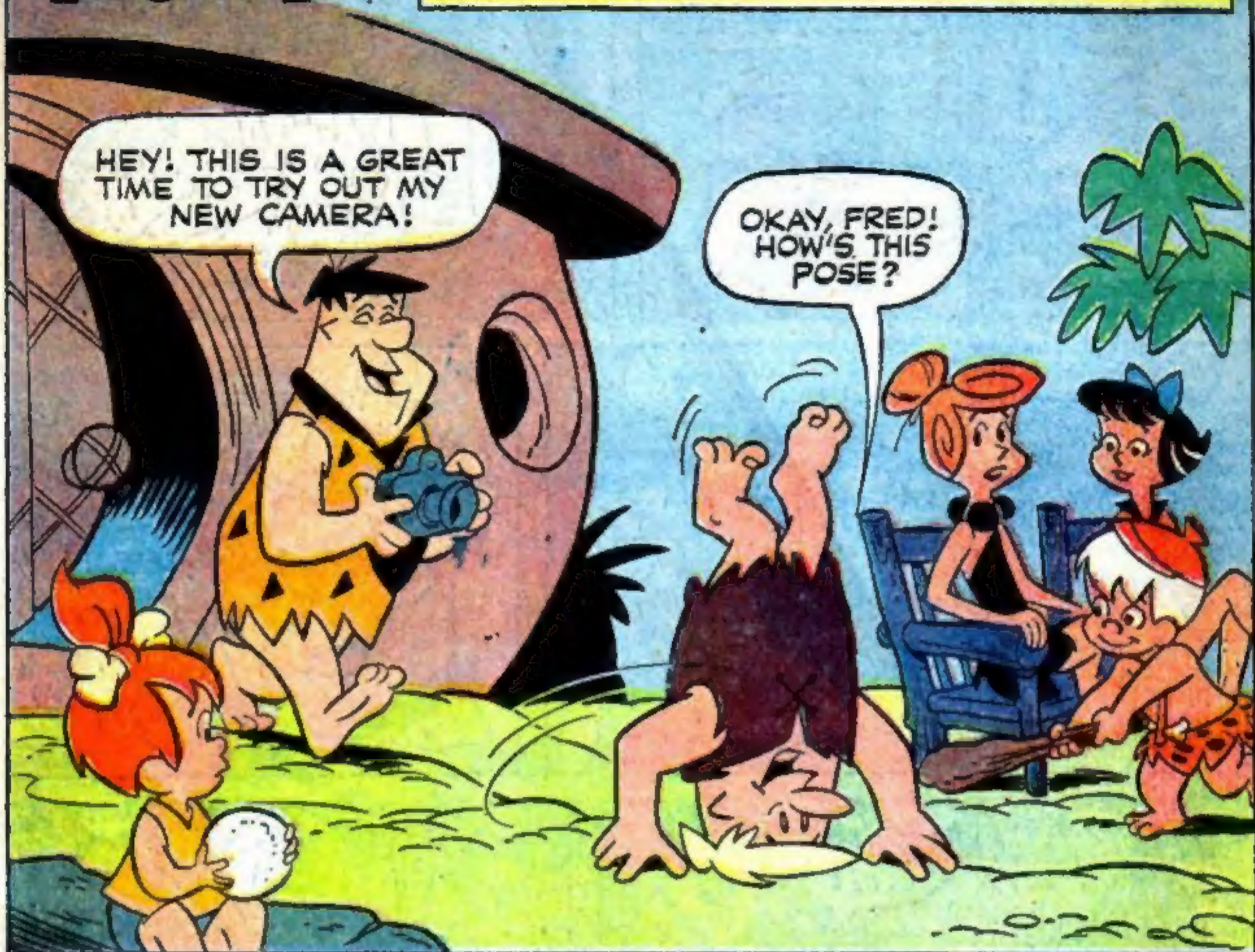
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and PEBBLES

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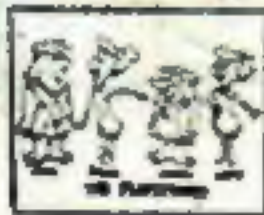


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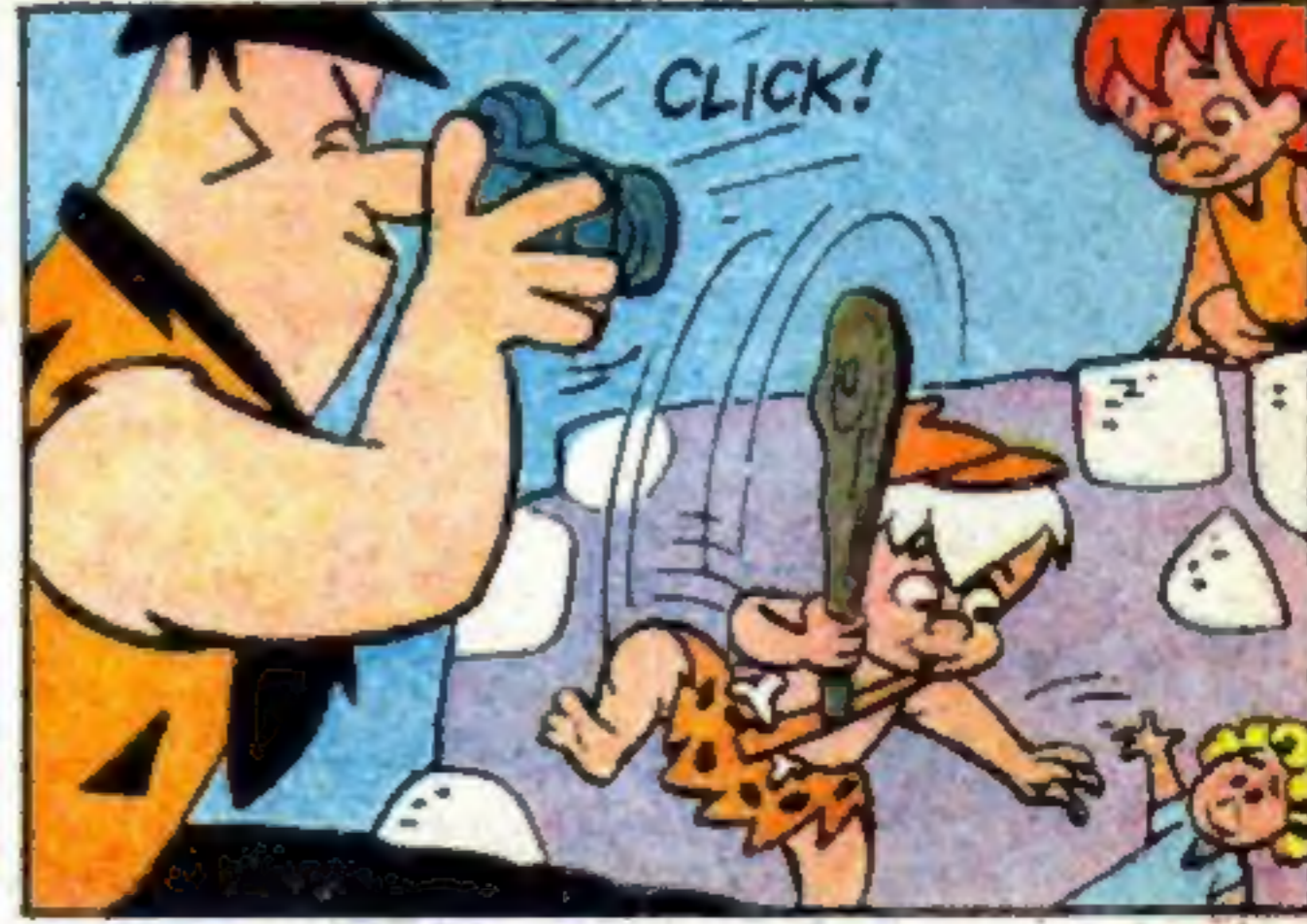
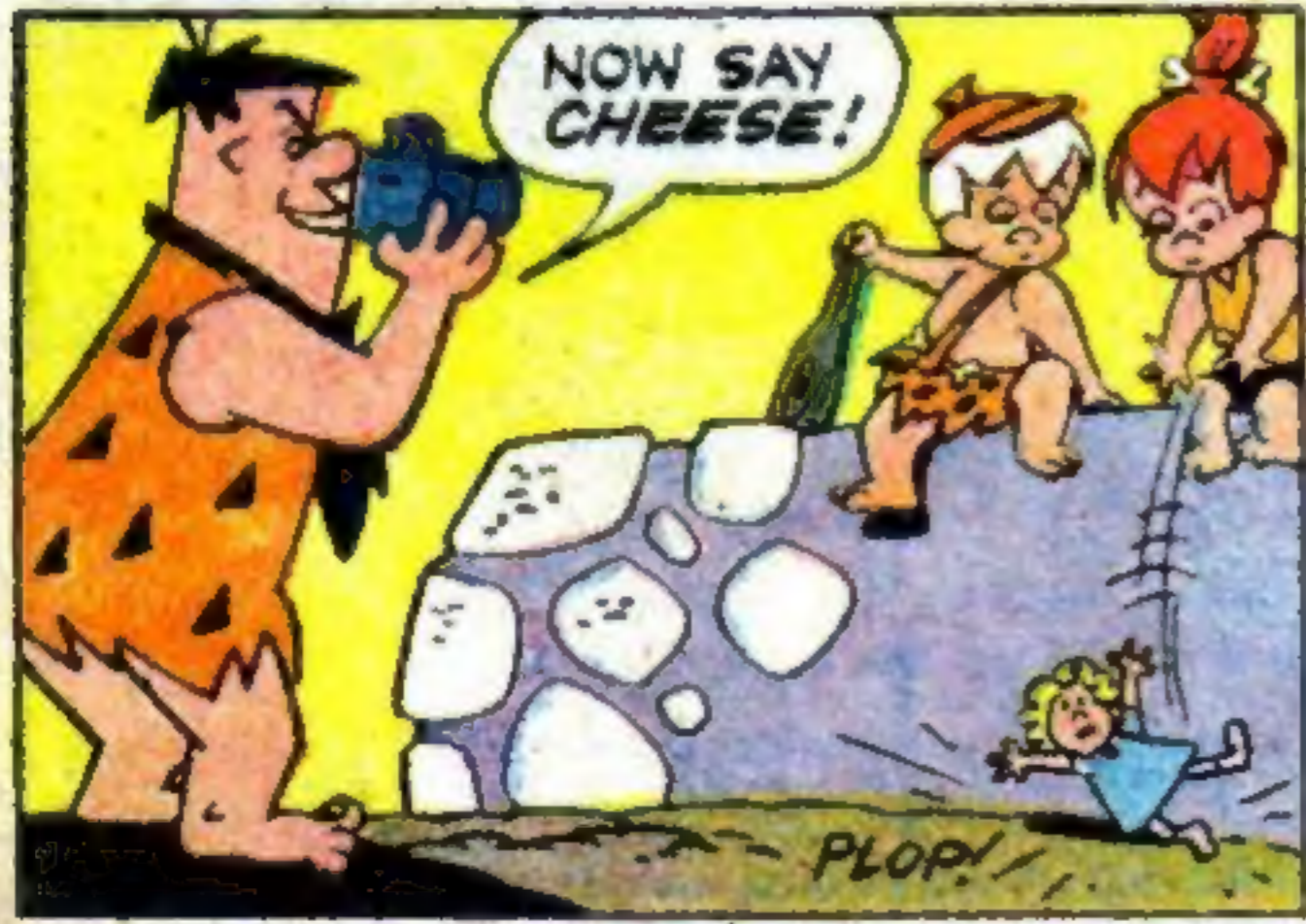
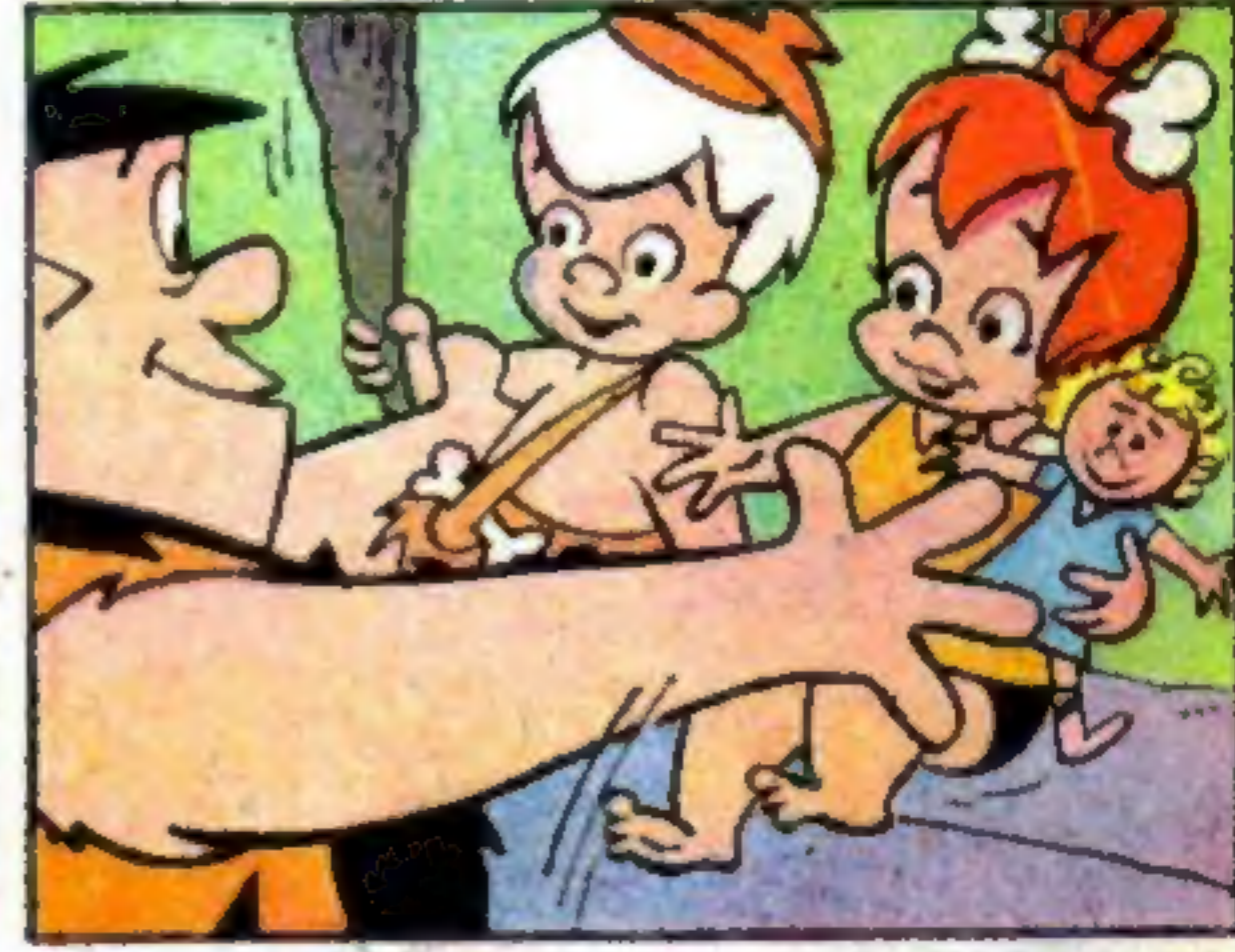
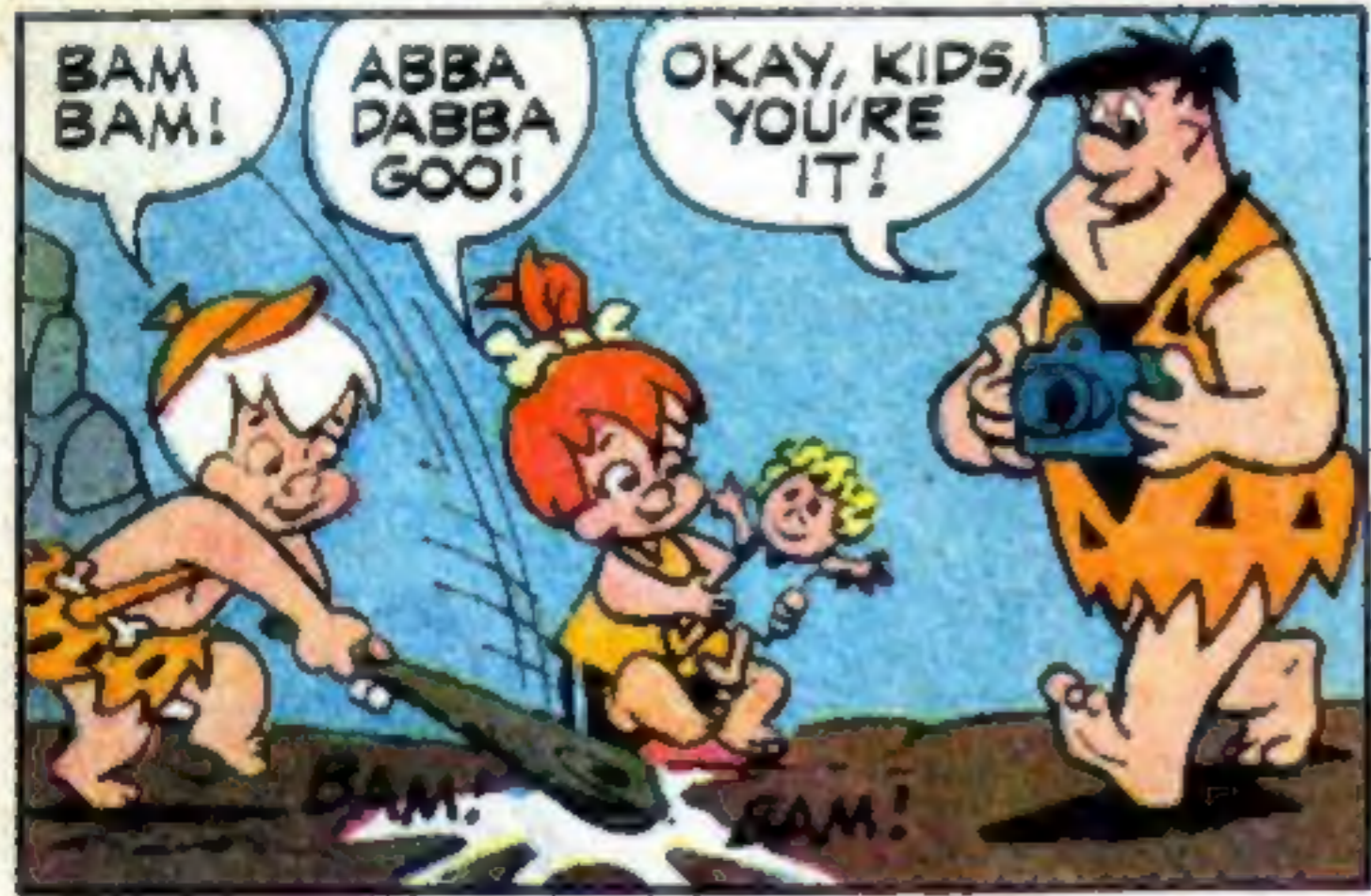
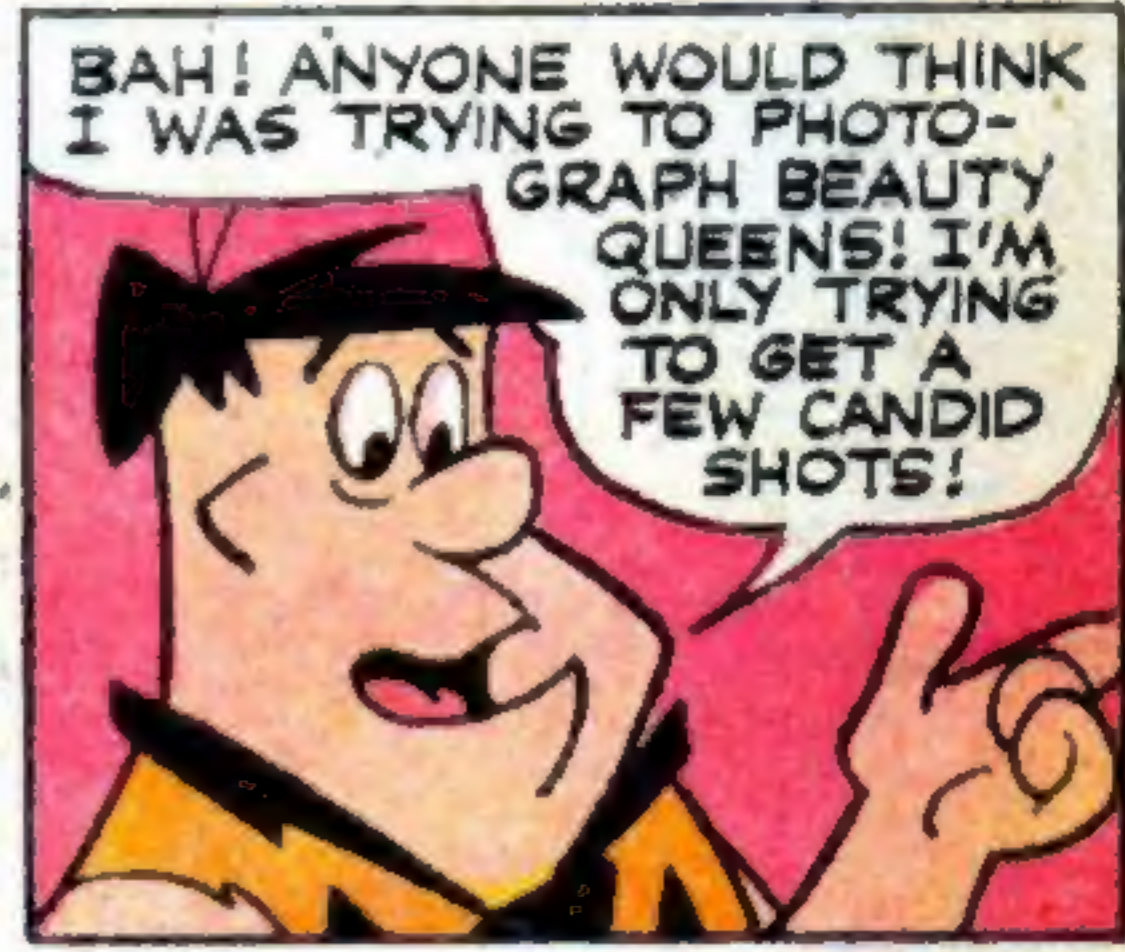
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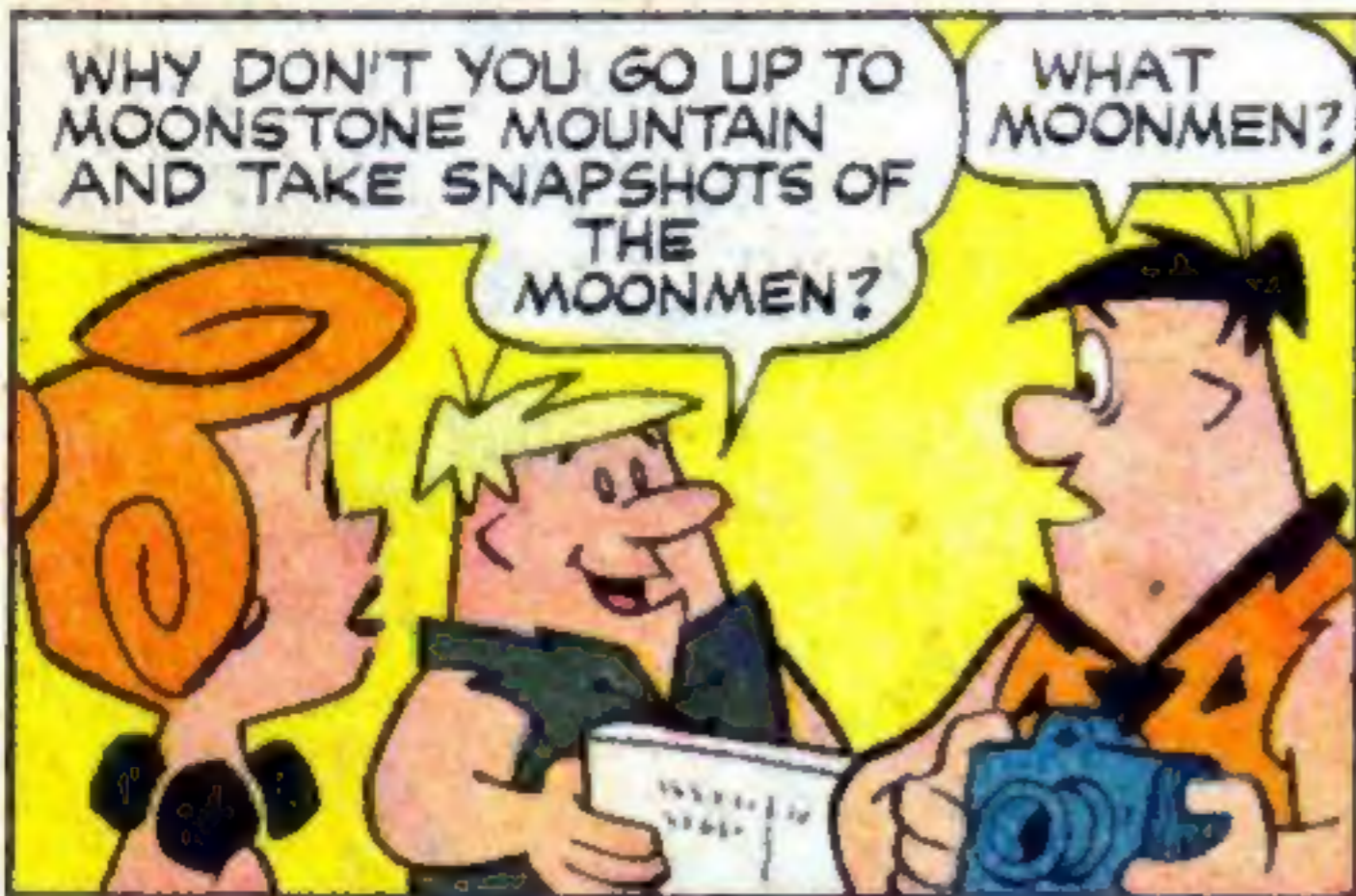
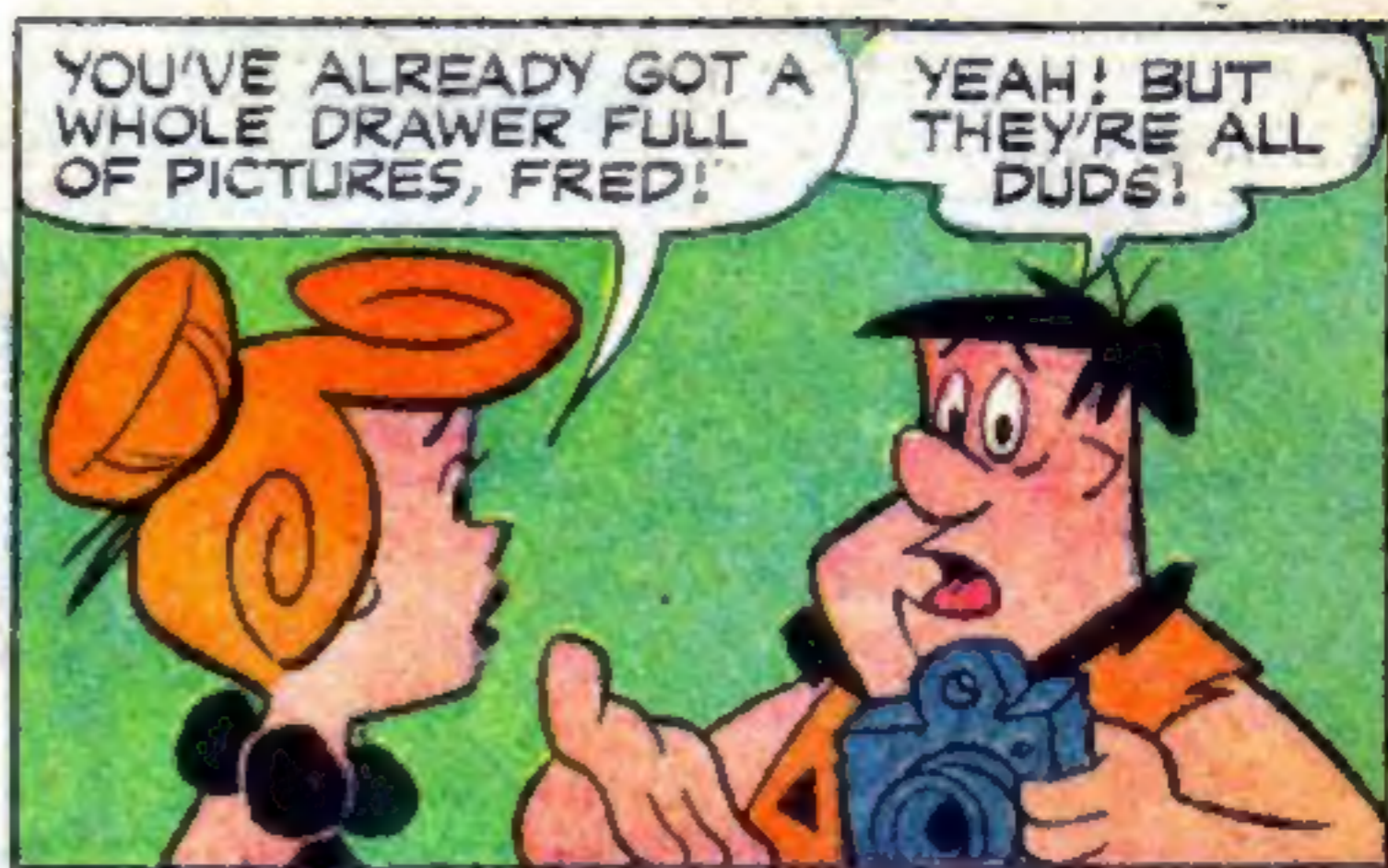
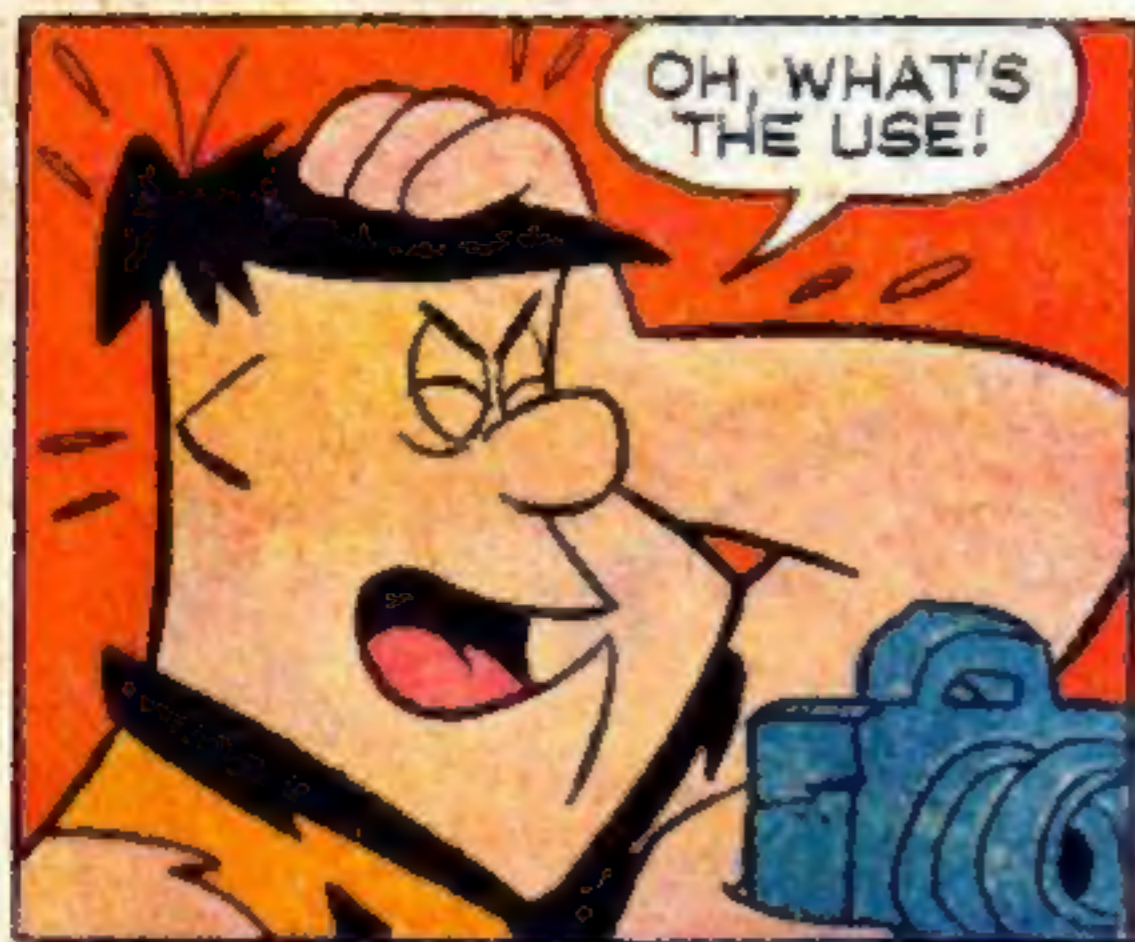
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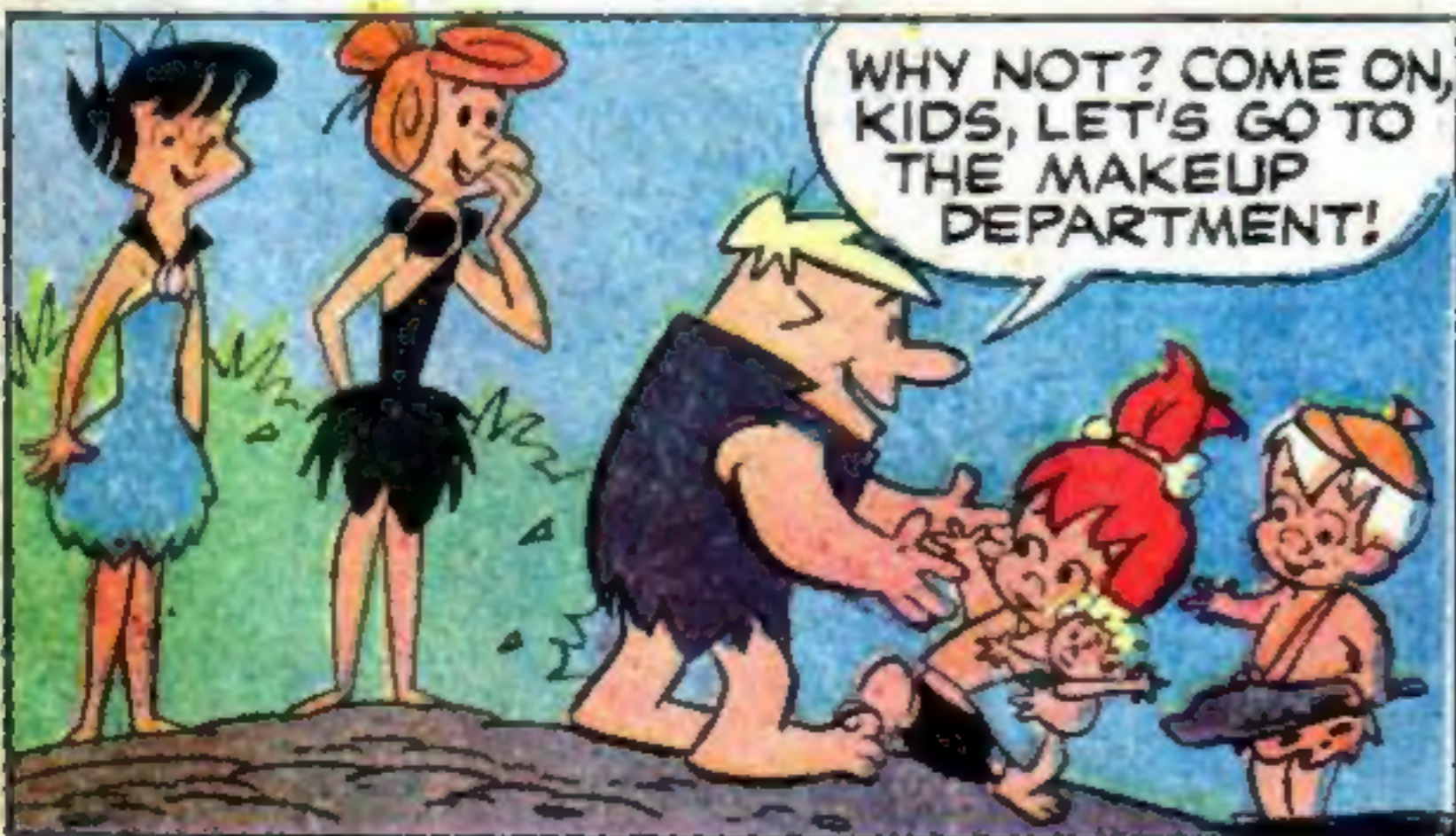
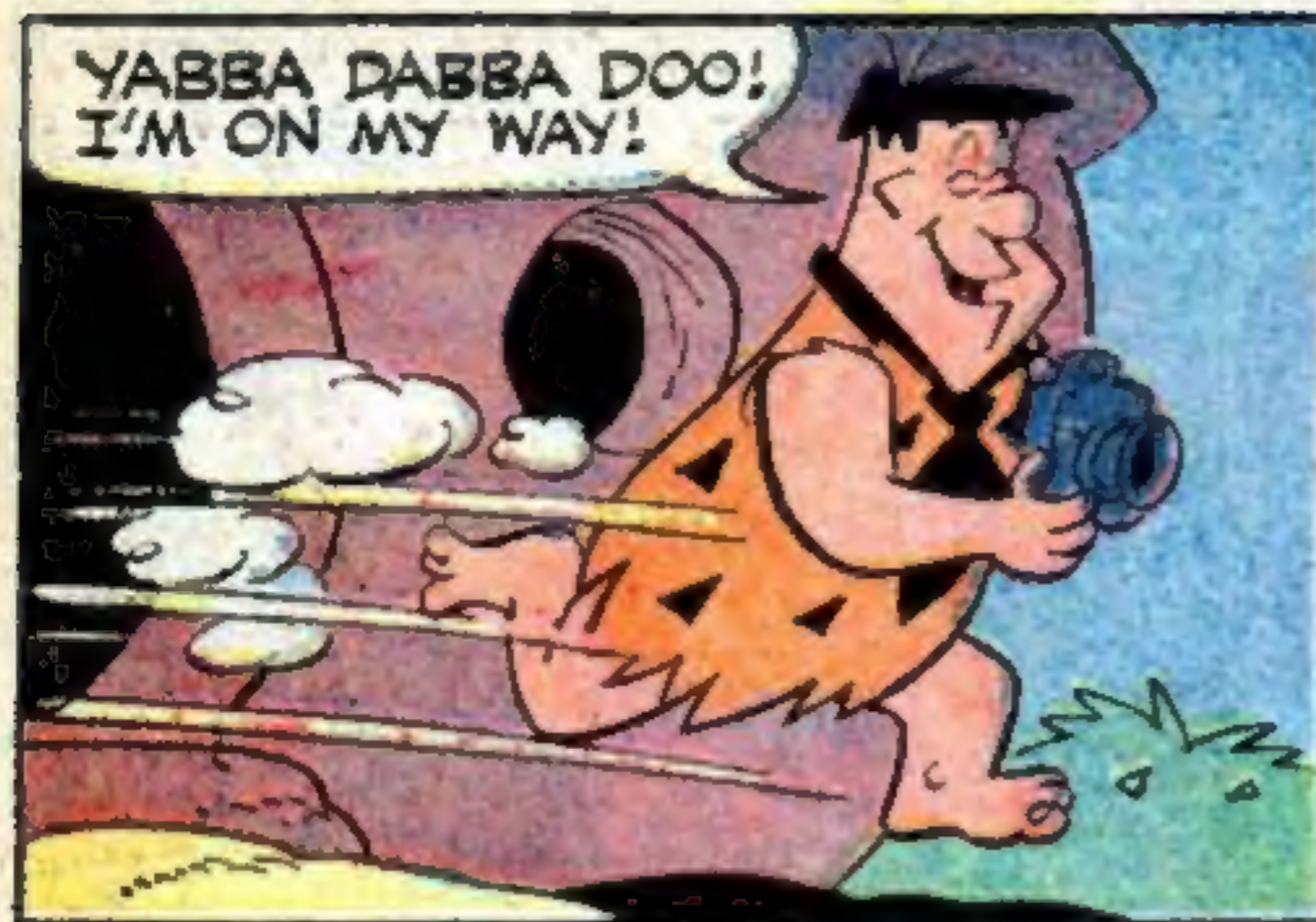
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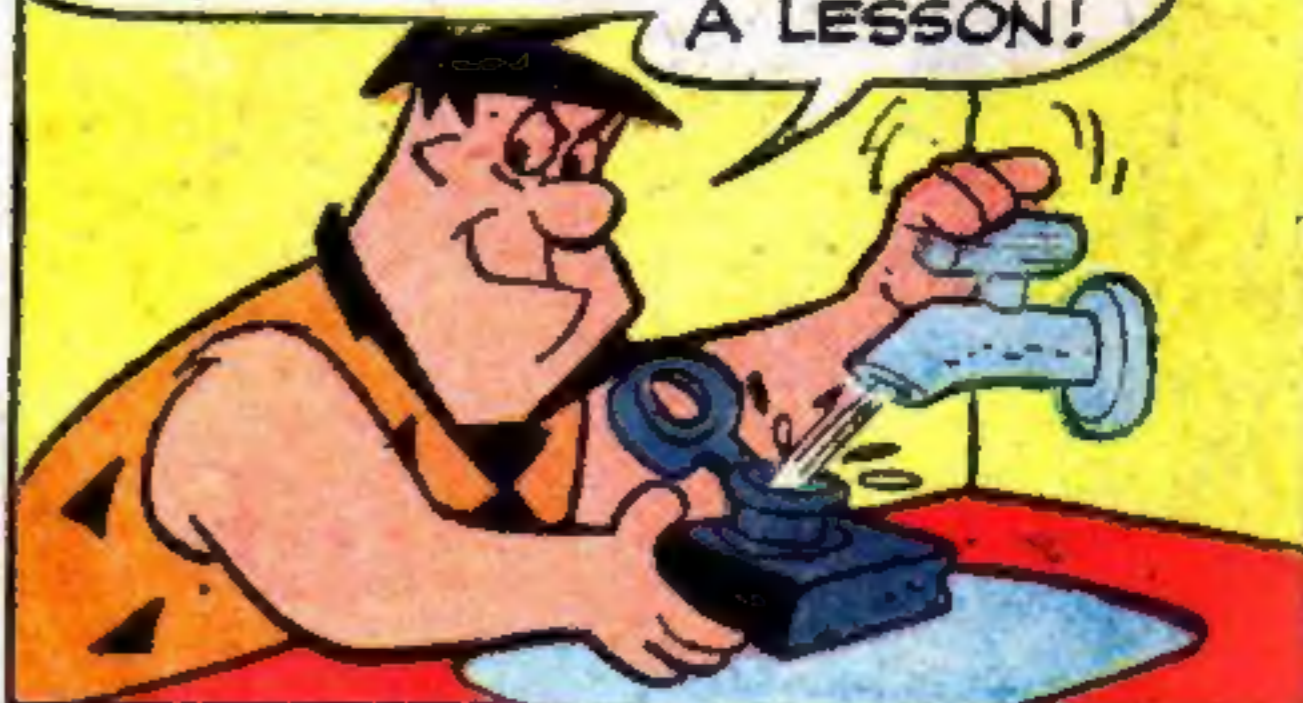




I'LL TAKE ALONG MY TRICK
CAMERA, JUST
IN CASE!



IF BARNEY DOES PUT THOSE
TWO UP TO ANY MONKEY
BUSINESS I'LL TEACH THEM
A LESSON!



SHORTLY...

HERE I AM AT THE
TOP! THINGS SHOULD
START CRACKIN'
SOON!

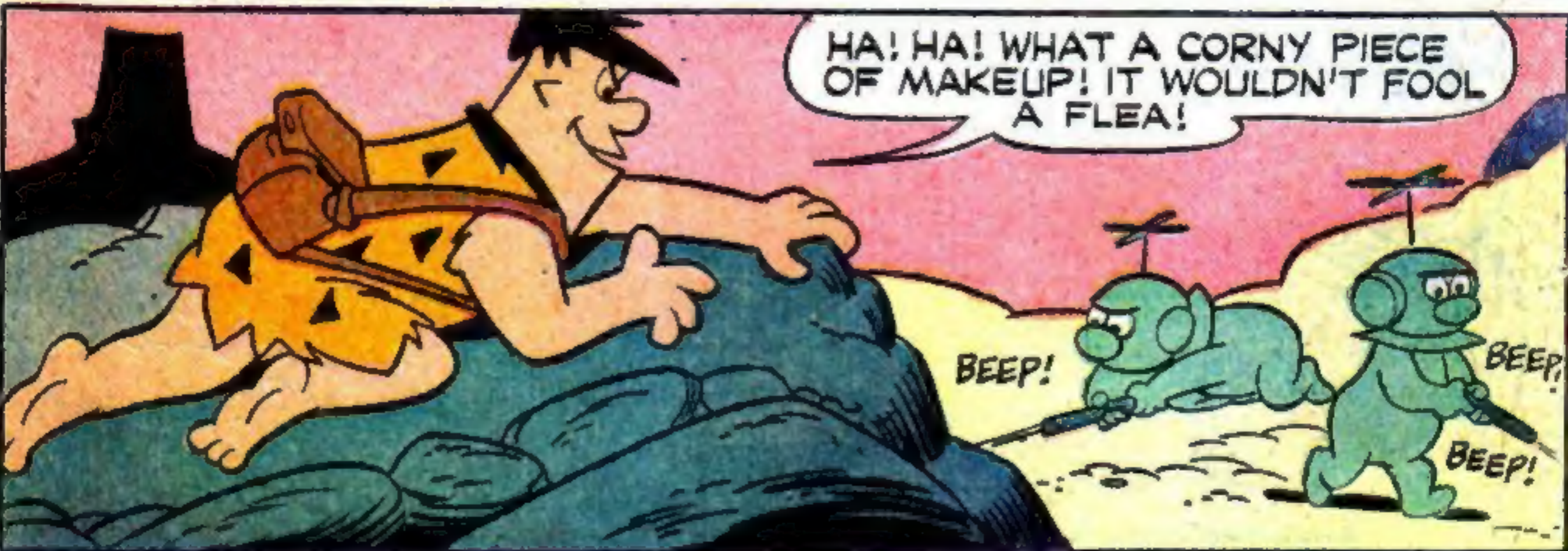


THAT MUST
BE THEM
NOW!

BEEP!
BEEP!



HA! HA! WHAT A CORNY PIECE
OF MAKEUP! IT WOULDN'T FOOL
A FLEA!

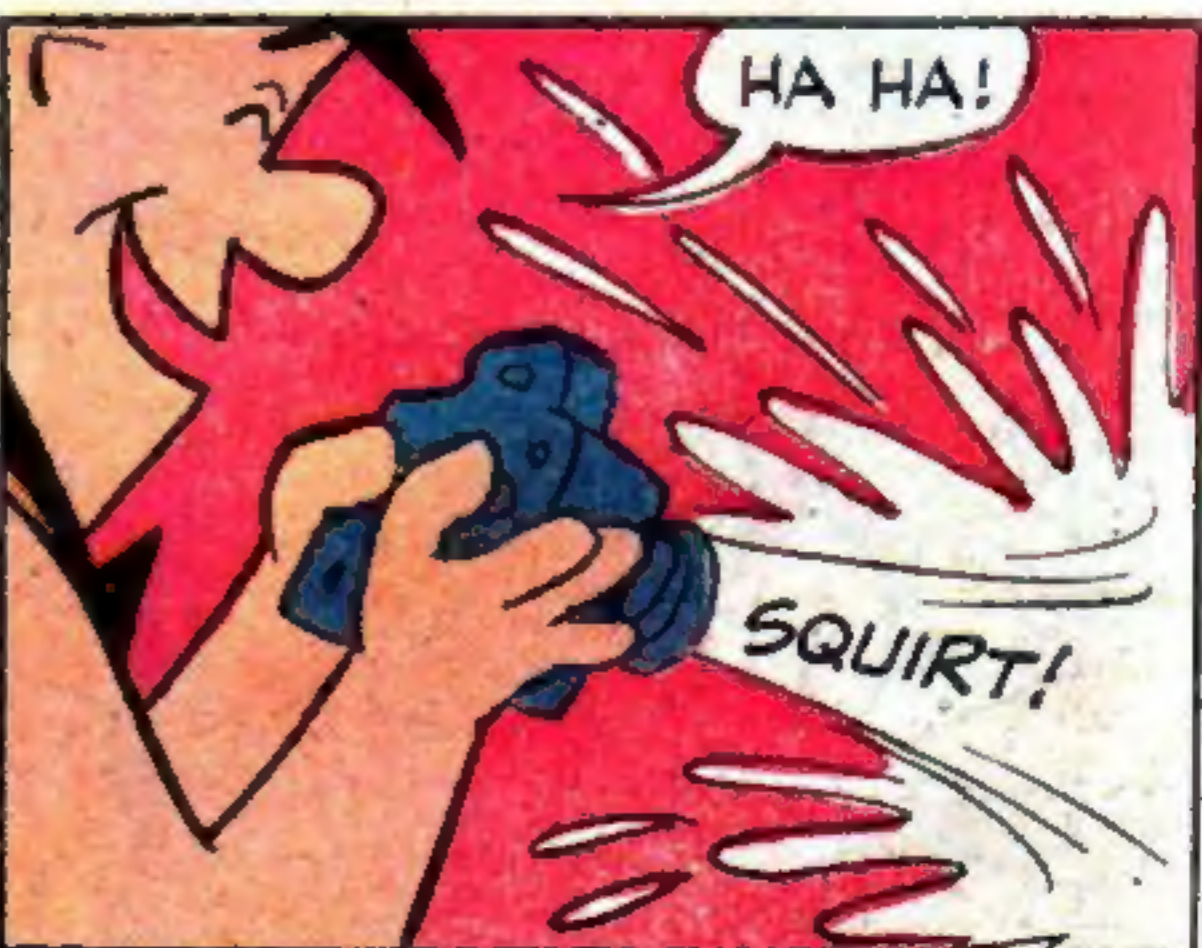


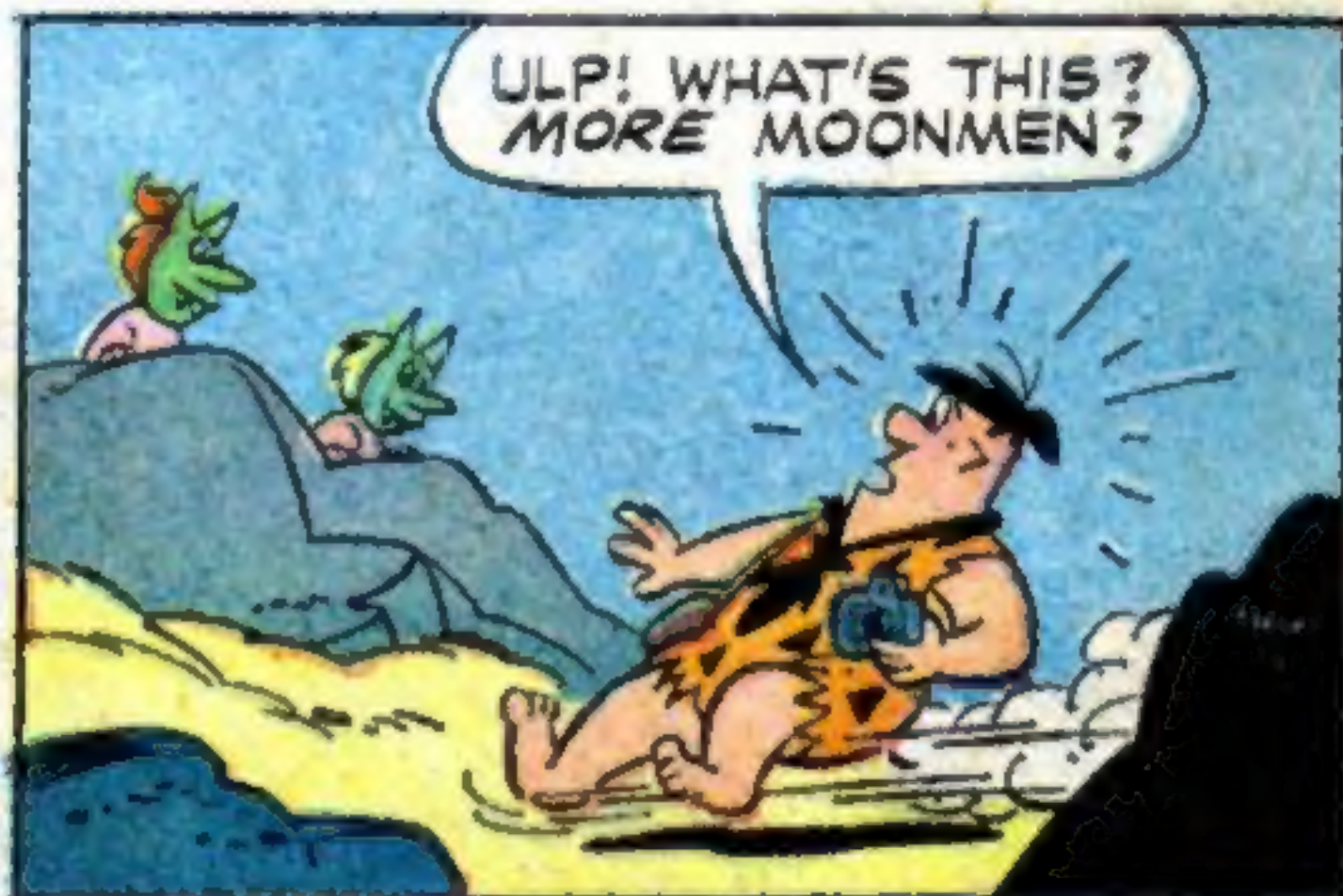
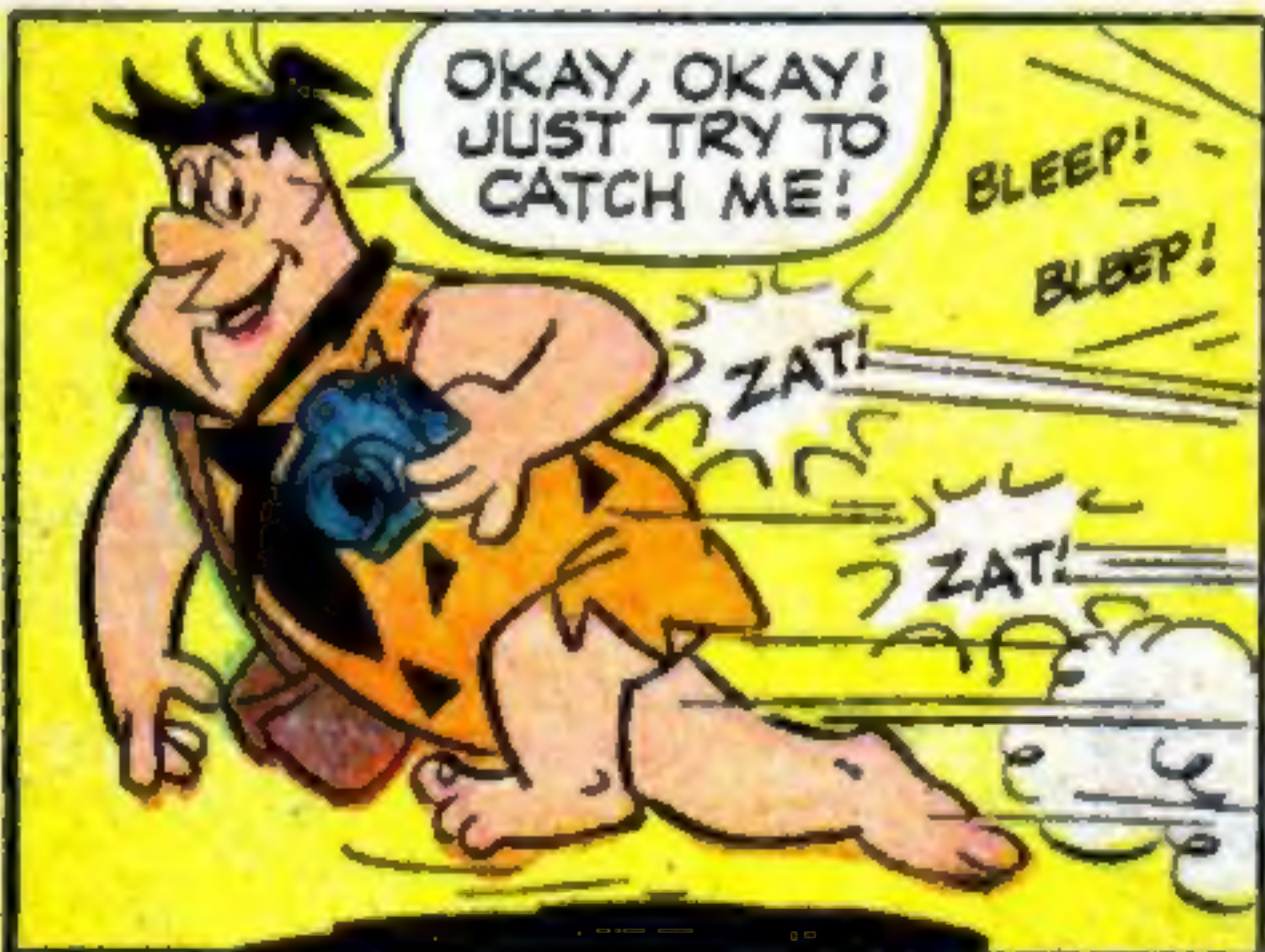
OKAY,
MOONMEN,
SAY
CHEESE!

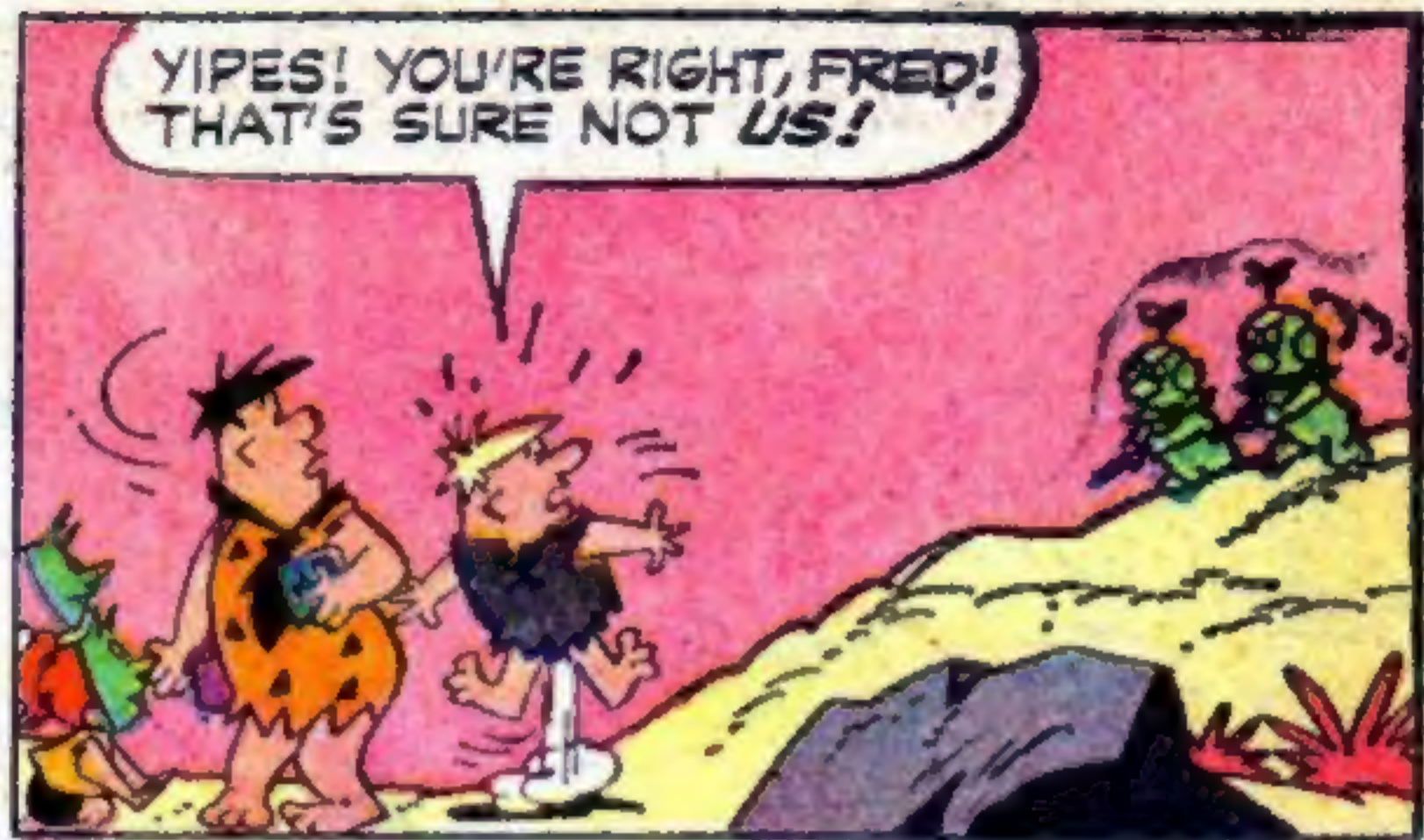


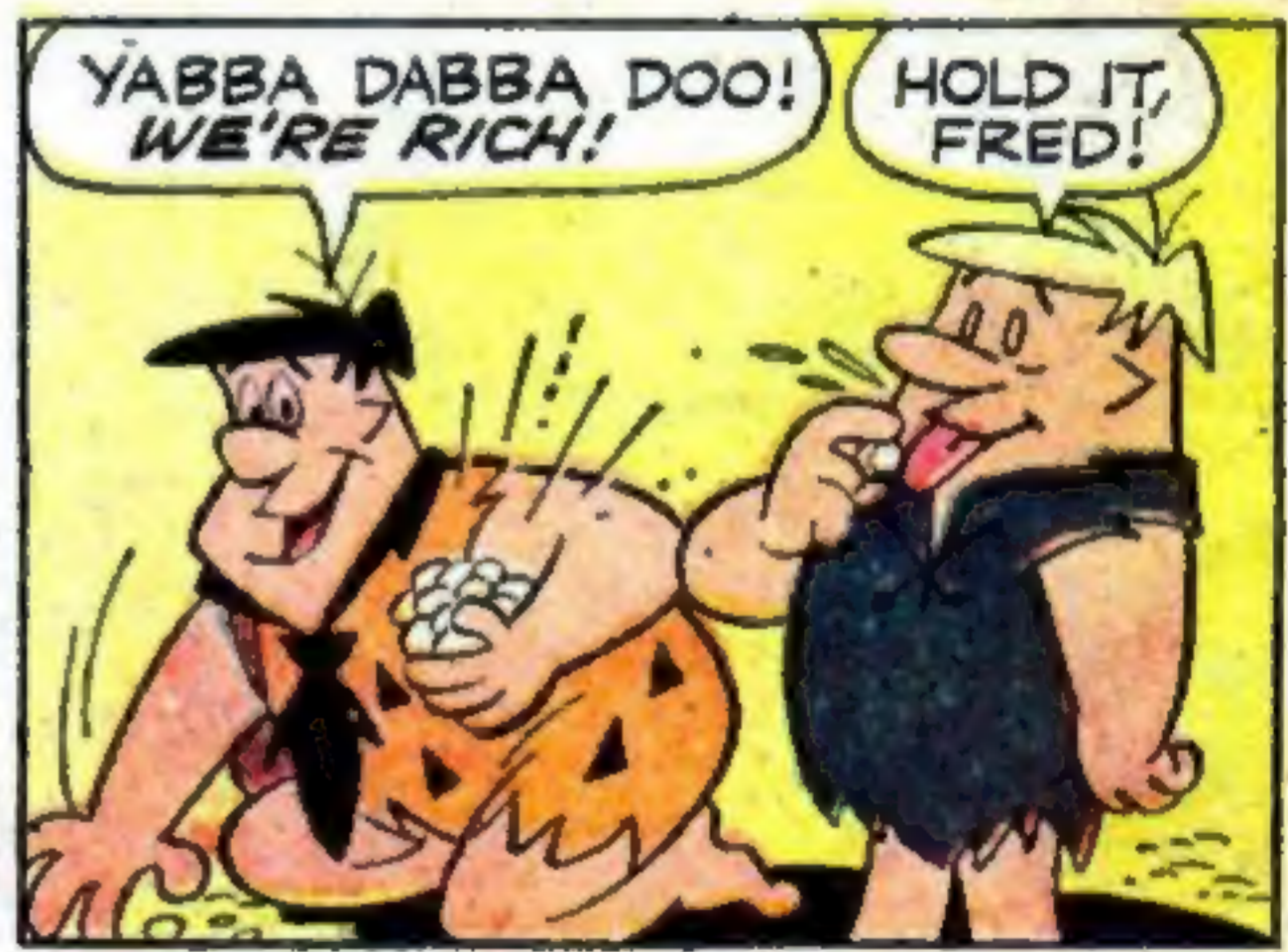
HA HA!

SQUIRT!





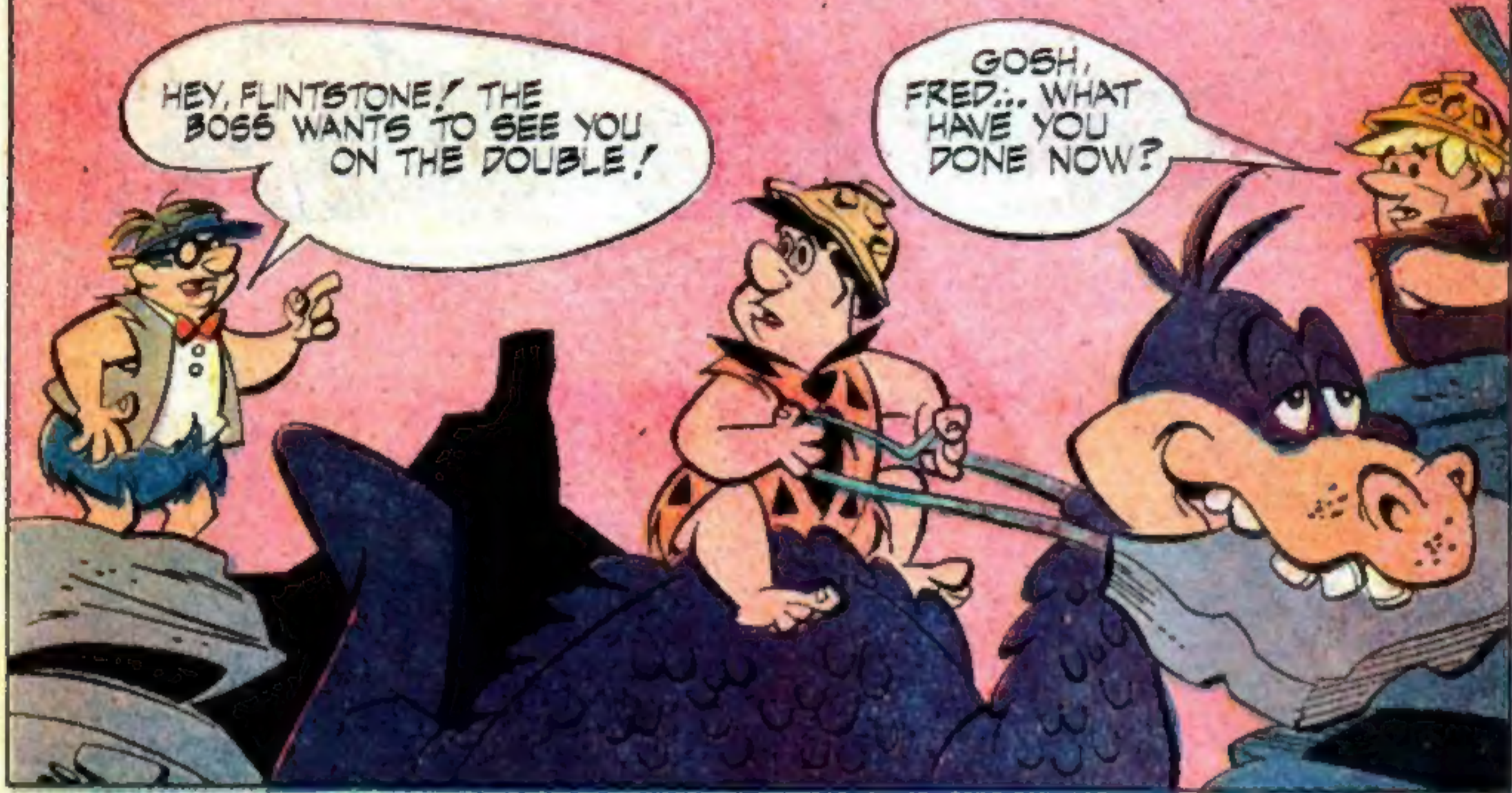




LOSER'S LUCK

HEY, FLINTSTONE! THE
BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU
ON THE DOUBLE!

GOSH,
FRED... WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE NOW?



MUST BE ABOUT THAT
SLAB OF
ROCK I
BROKE!

MIGHT AS WELL
FACE THE
MUSIC,
FRED!



ABOUT THAT SLAB
OF ROCK I
SMASHED! IT WAS
LIKE *THIS*
BOSS...

SLAB OF
ROCK? WE'LL
TALK ABOUT
THAT LATER,
FLINTSTONE!



I CALLED YOU IN ABOUT ANOTHER
MATTER! HORACE WHETROCK
IS IN TOWN AND I'M
VERY ANXIOUS
TO GET HIS
BUSINESS!

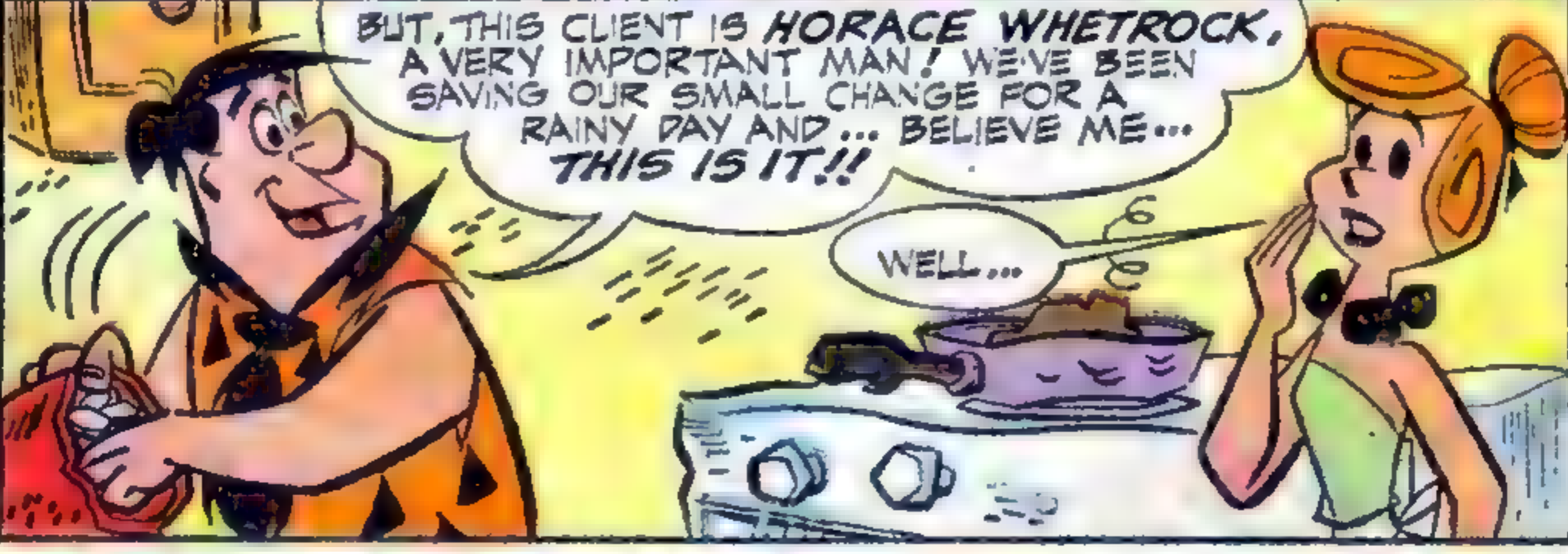
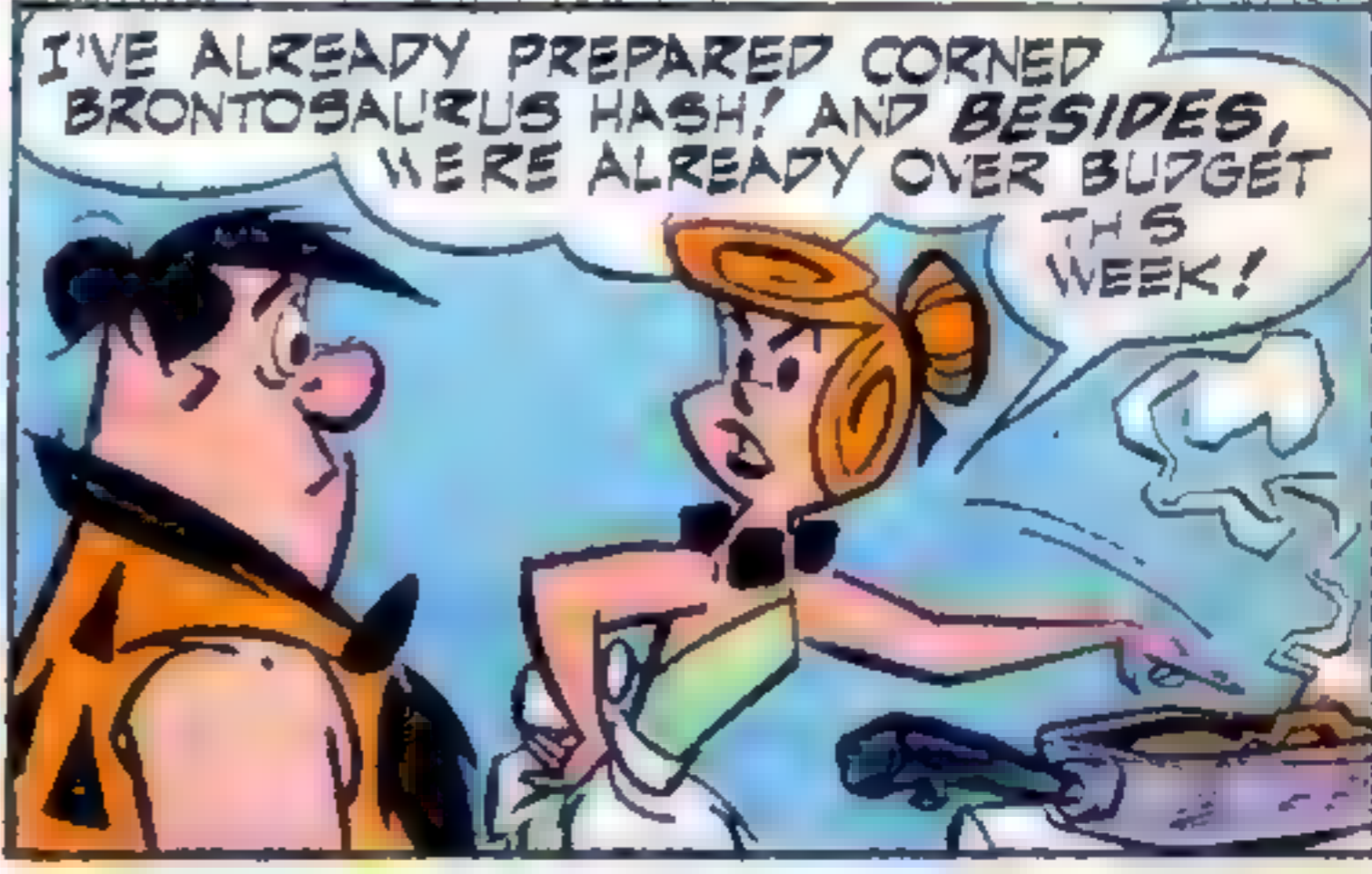
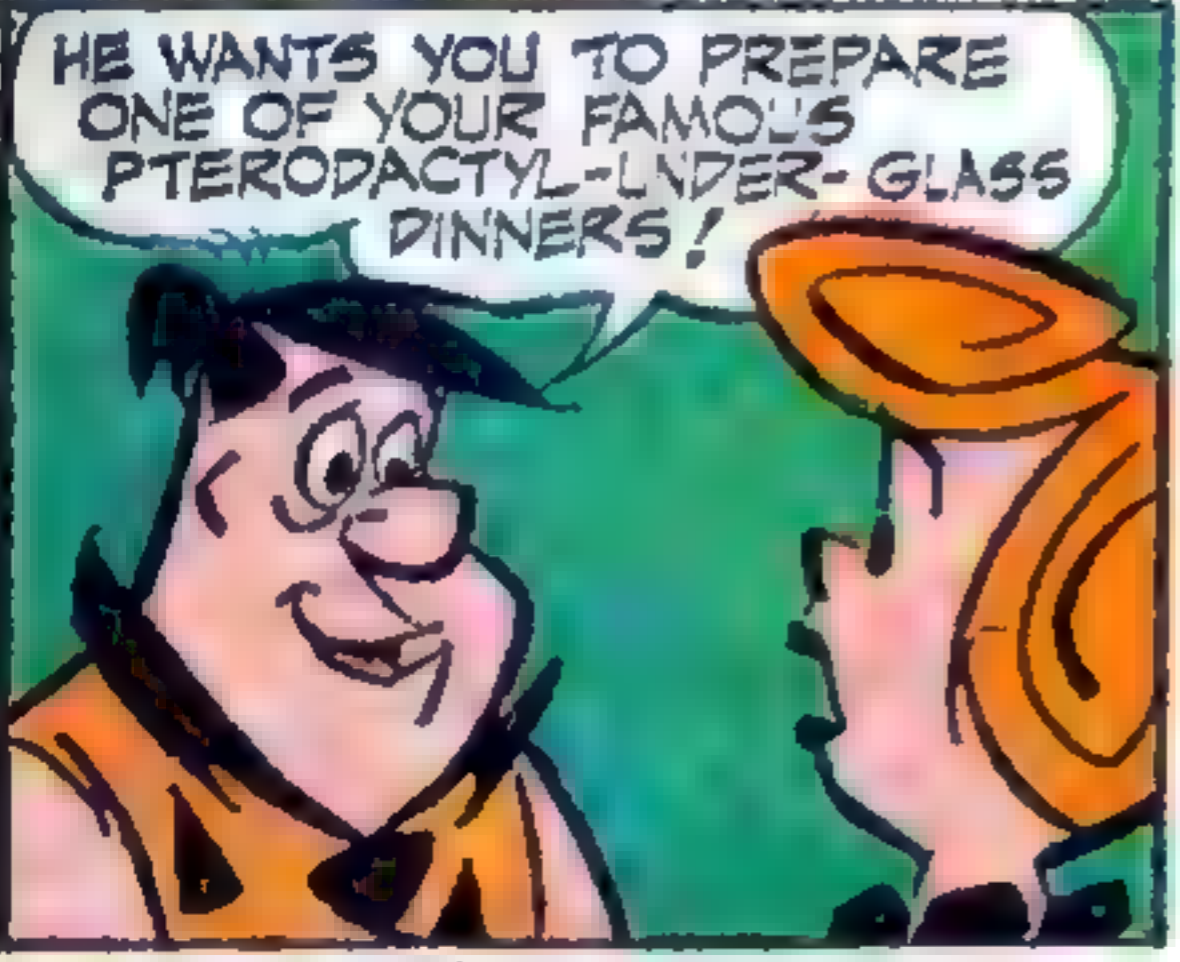
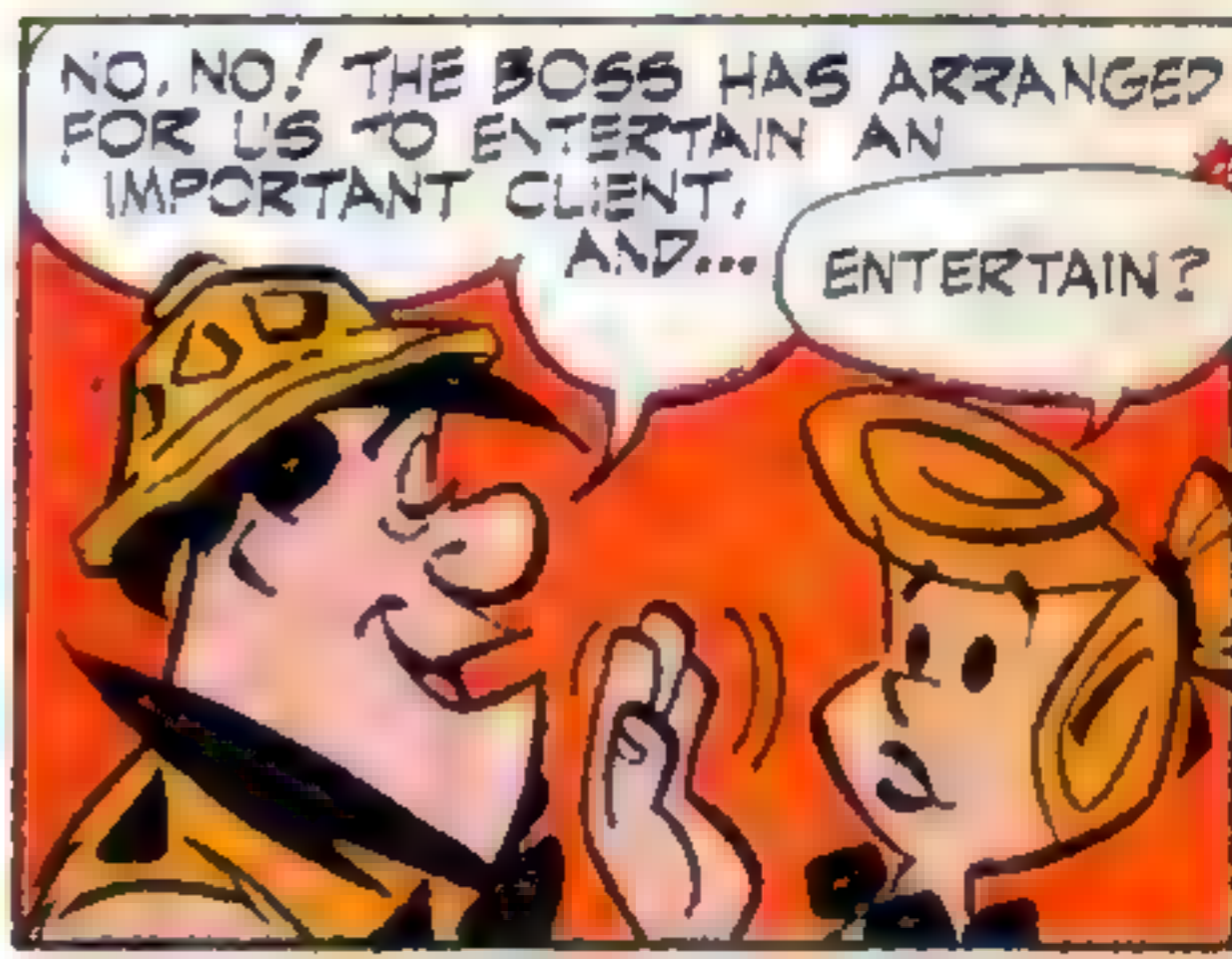
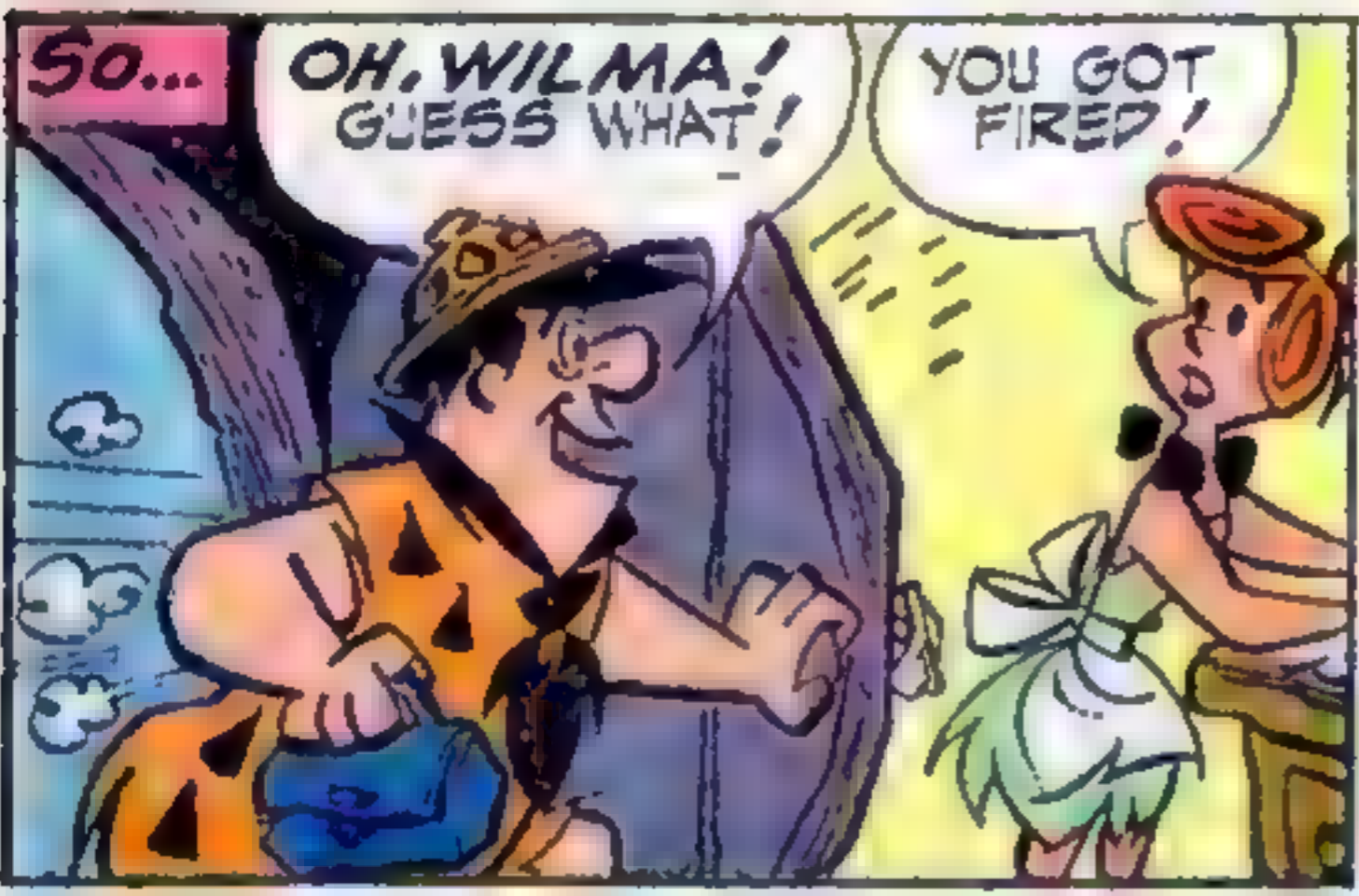
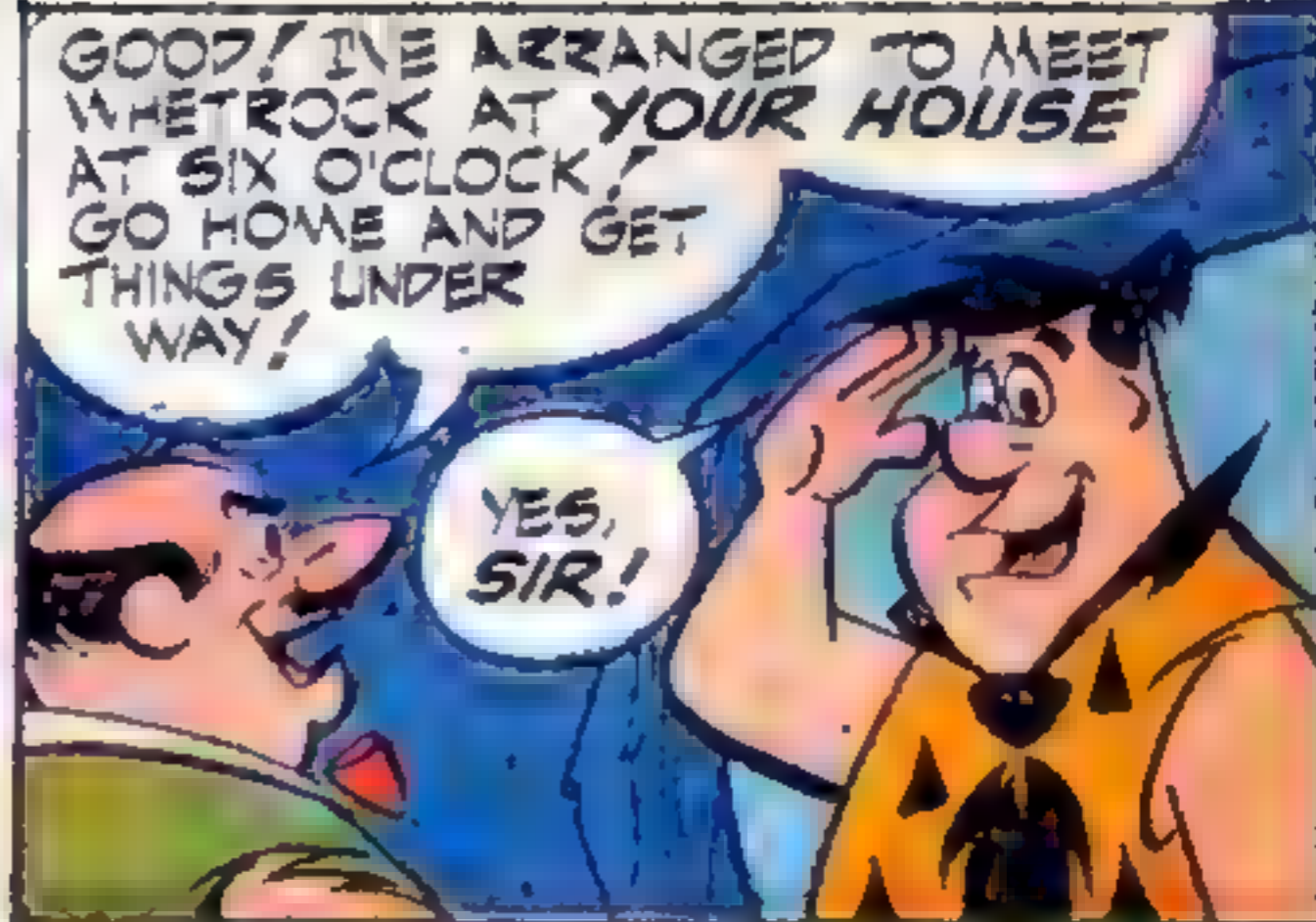
YES?

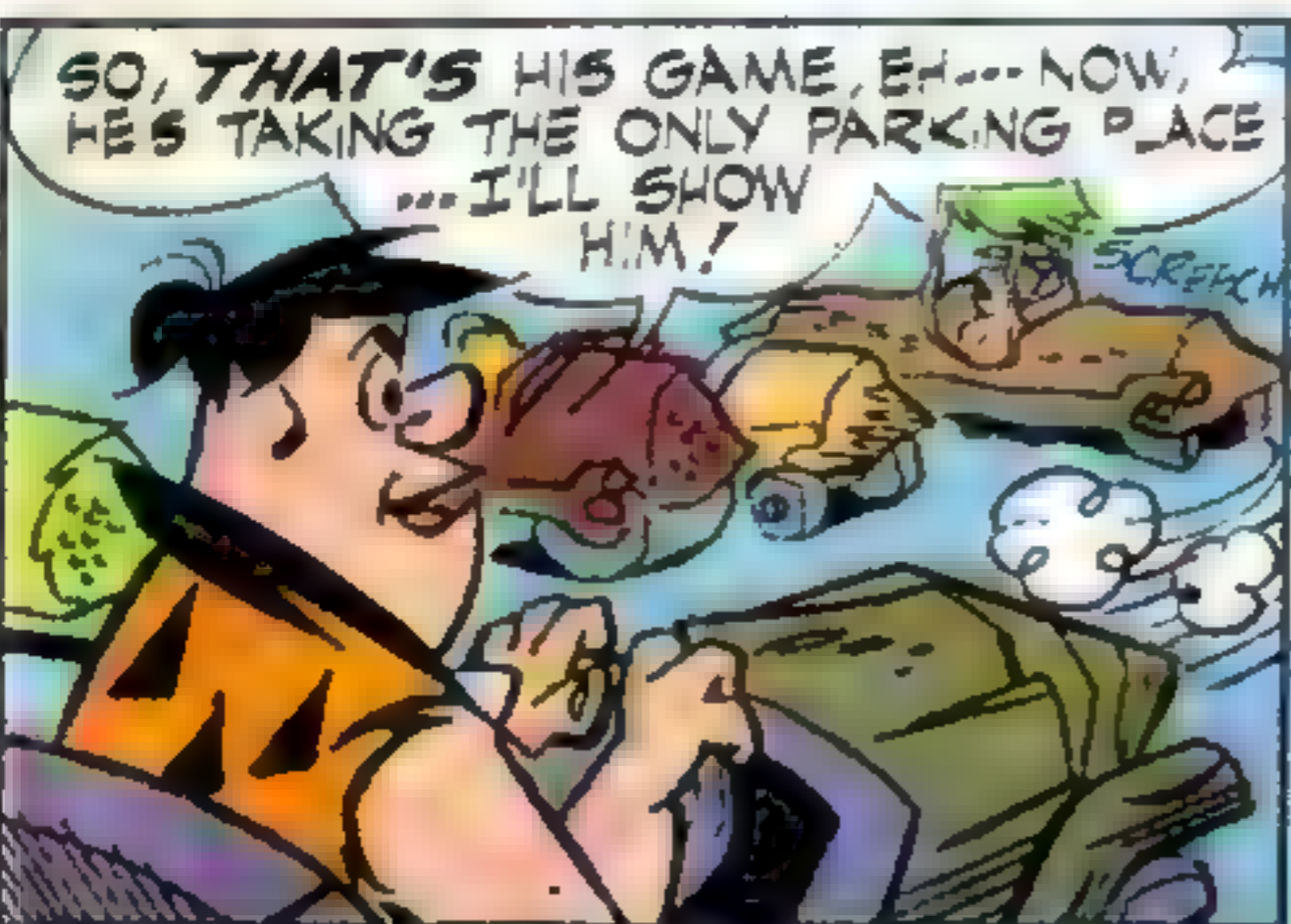
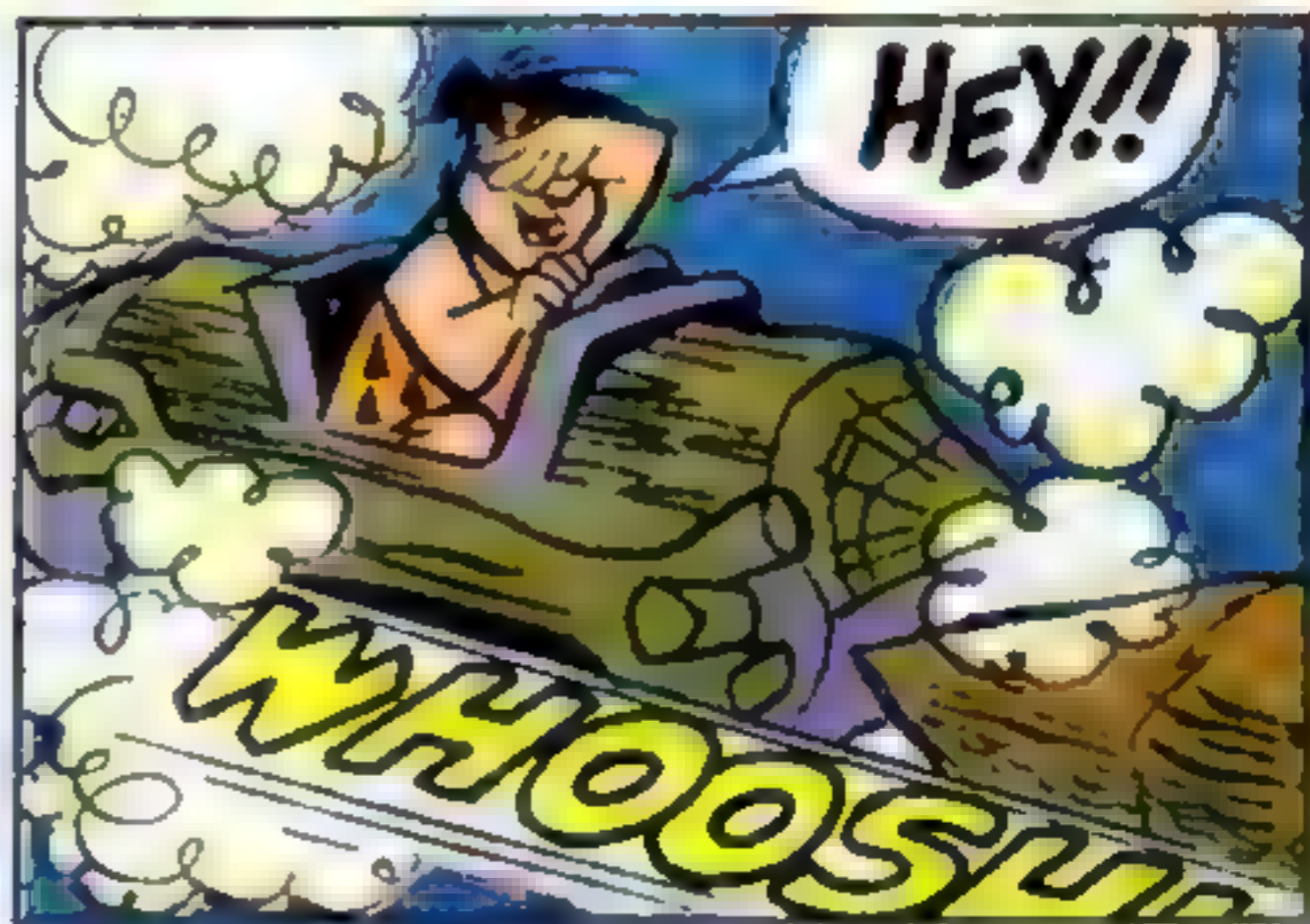
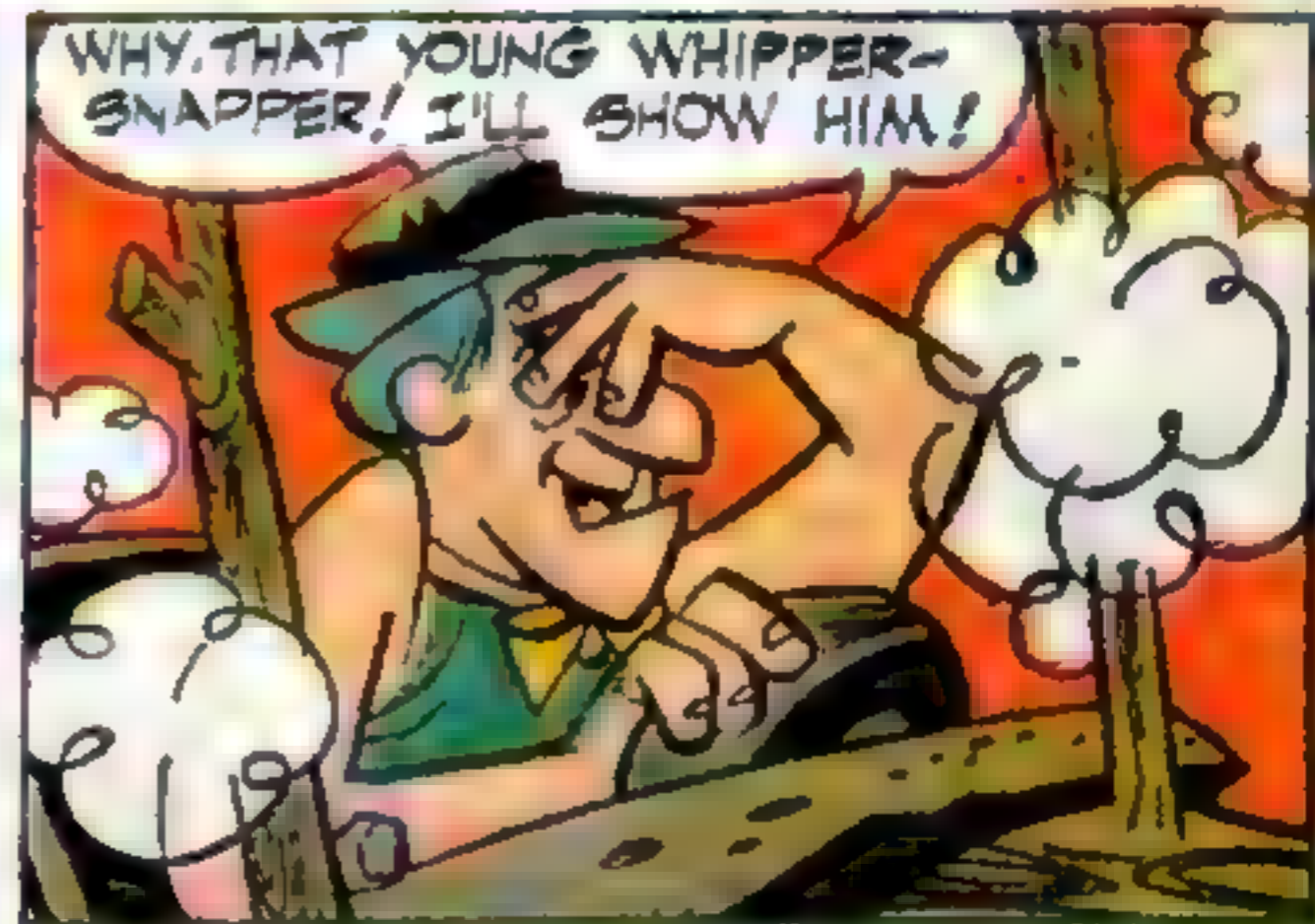
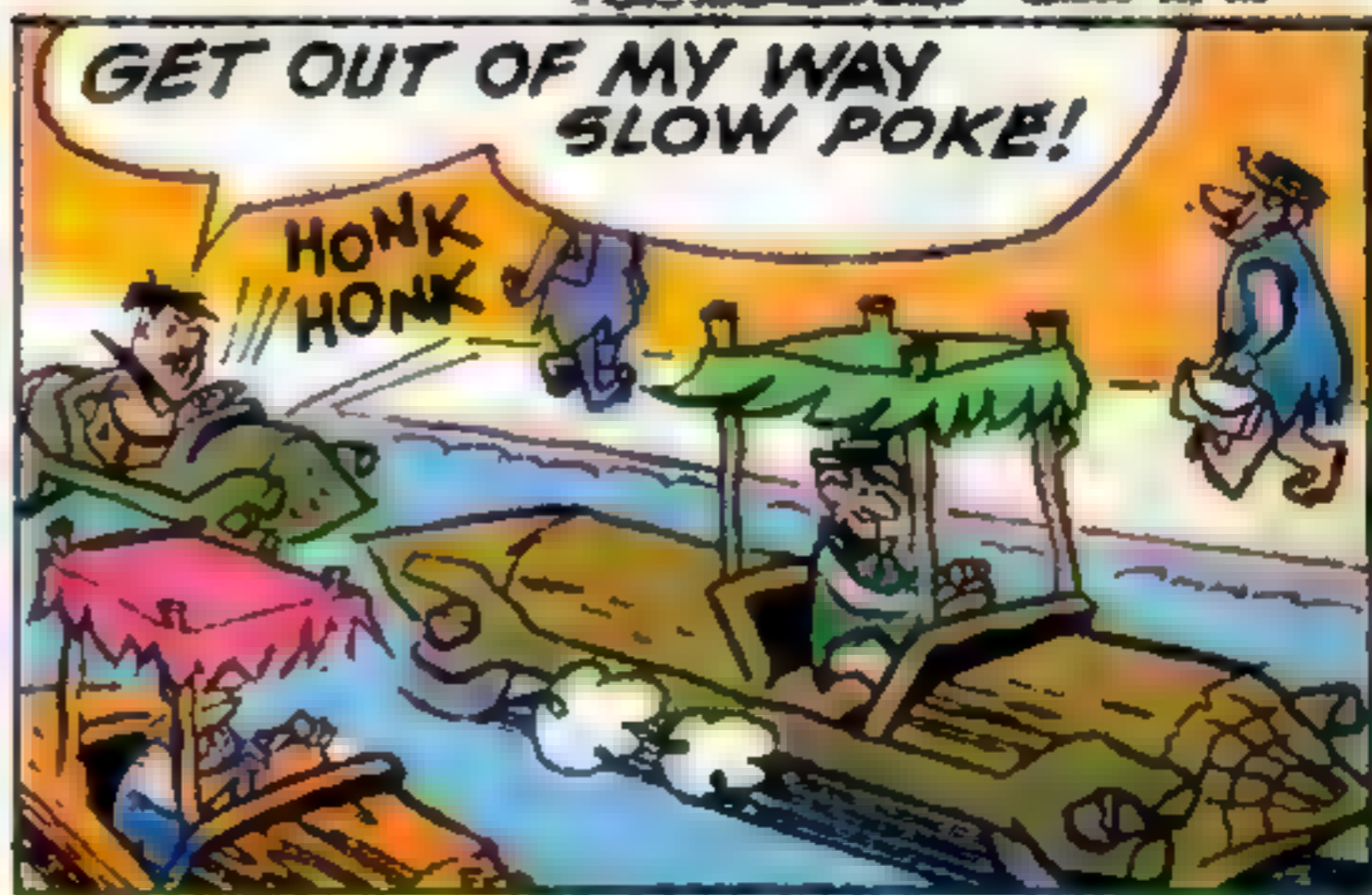


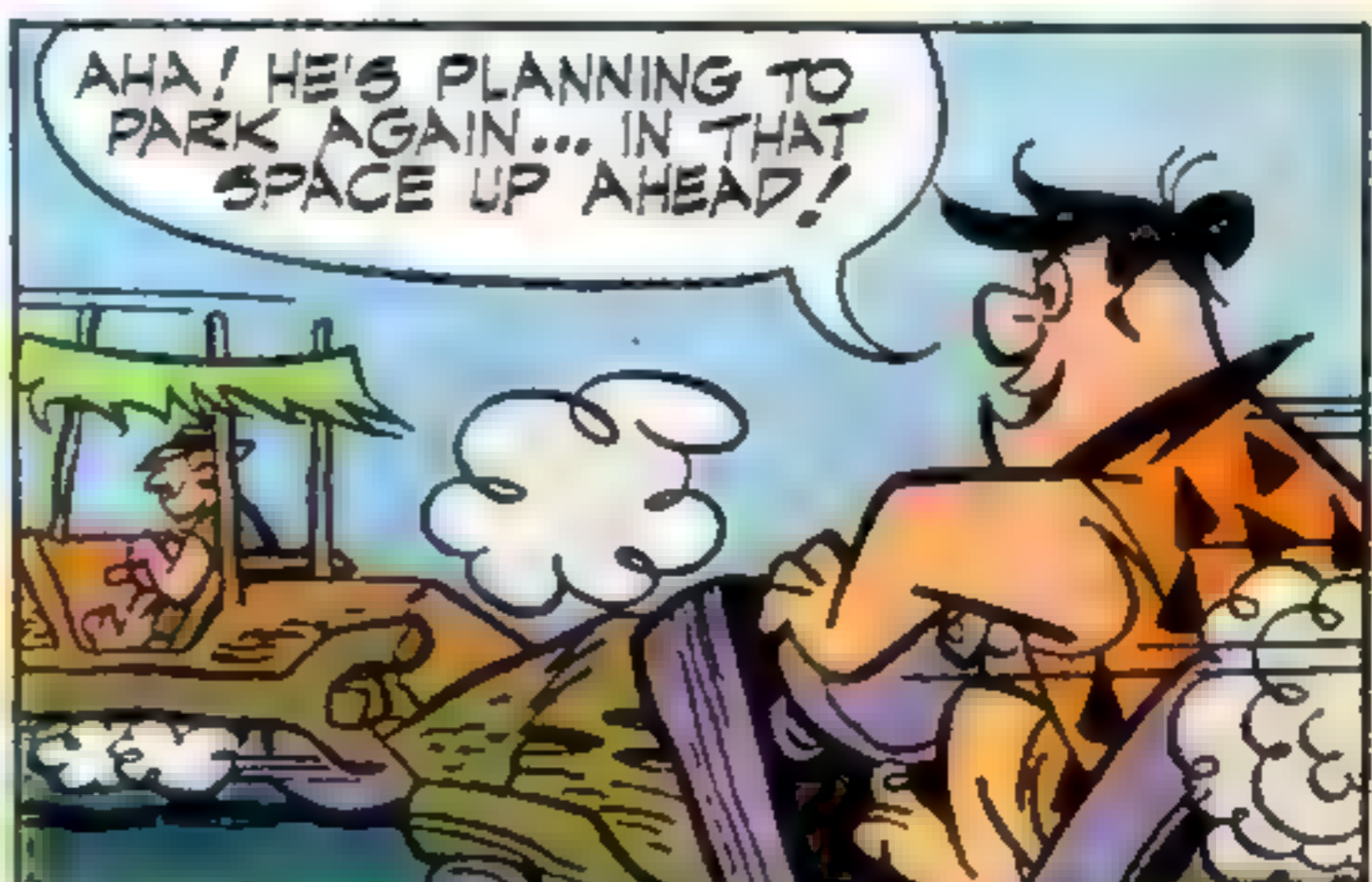
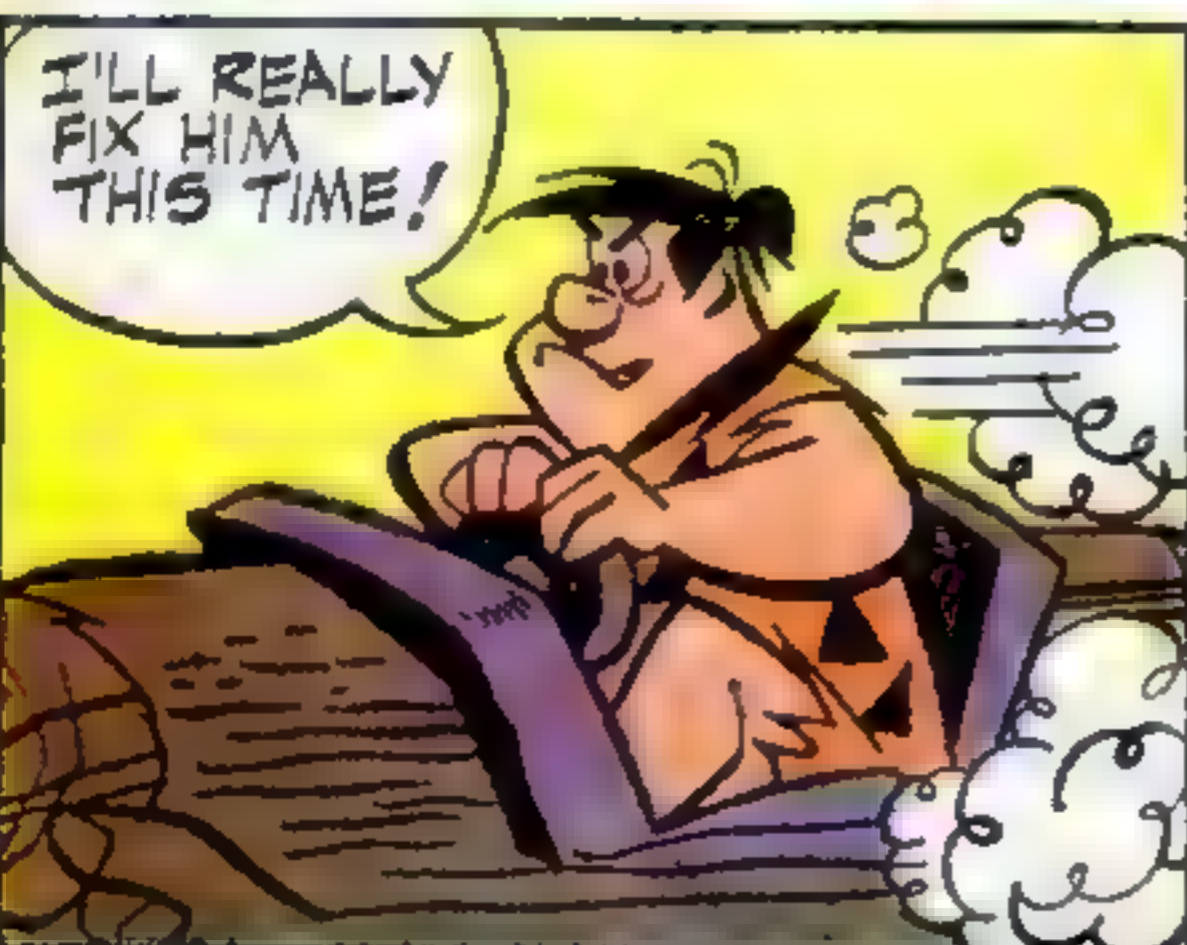
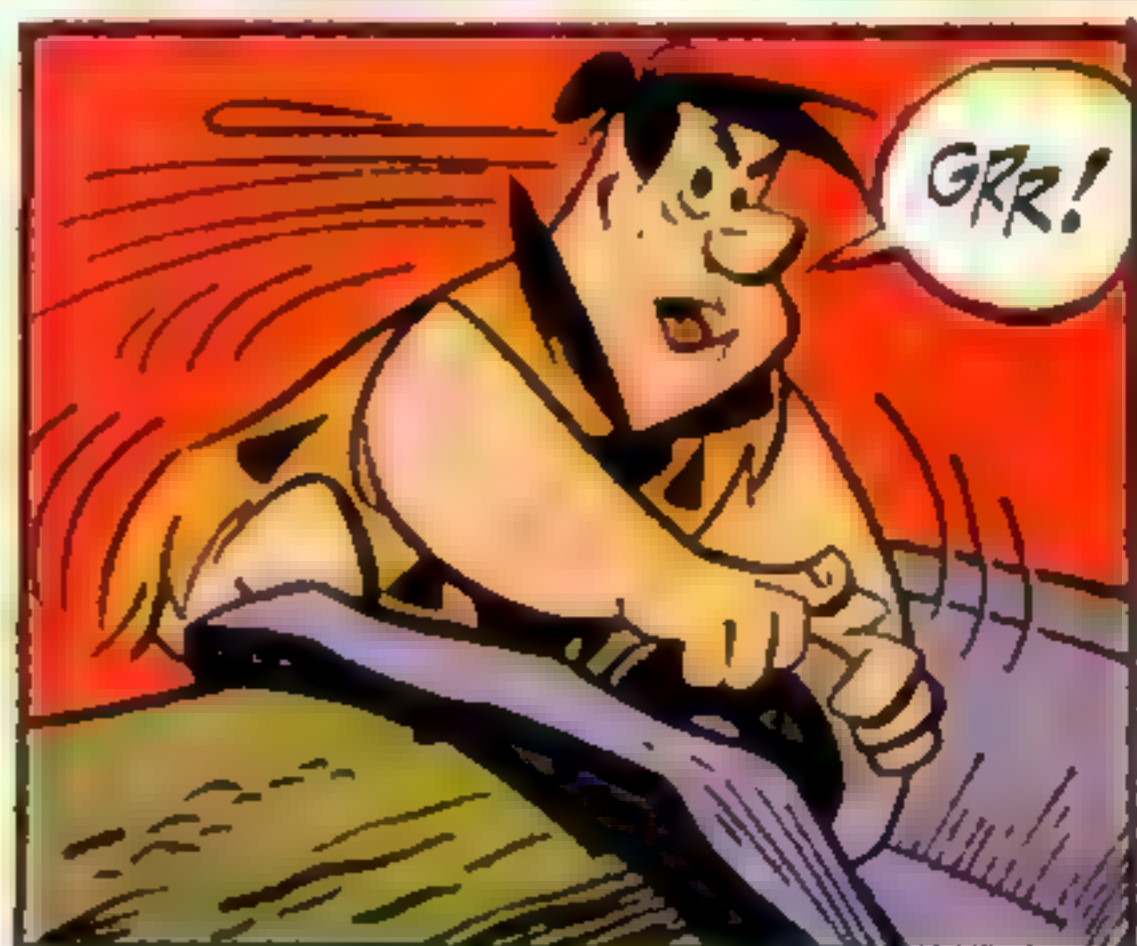
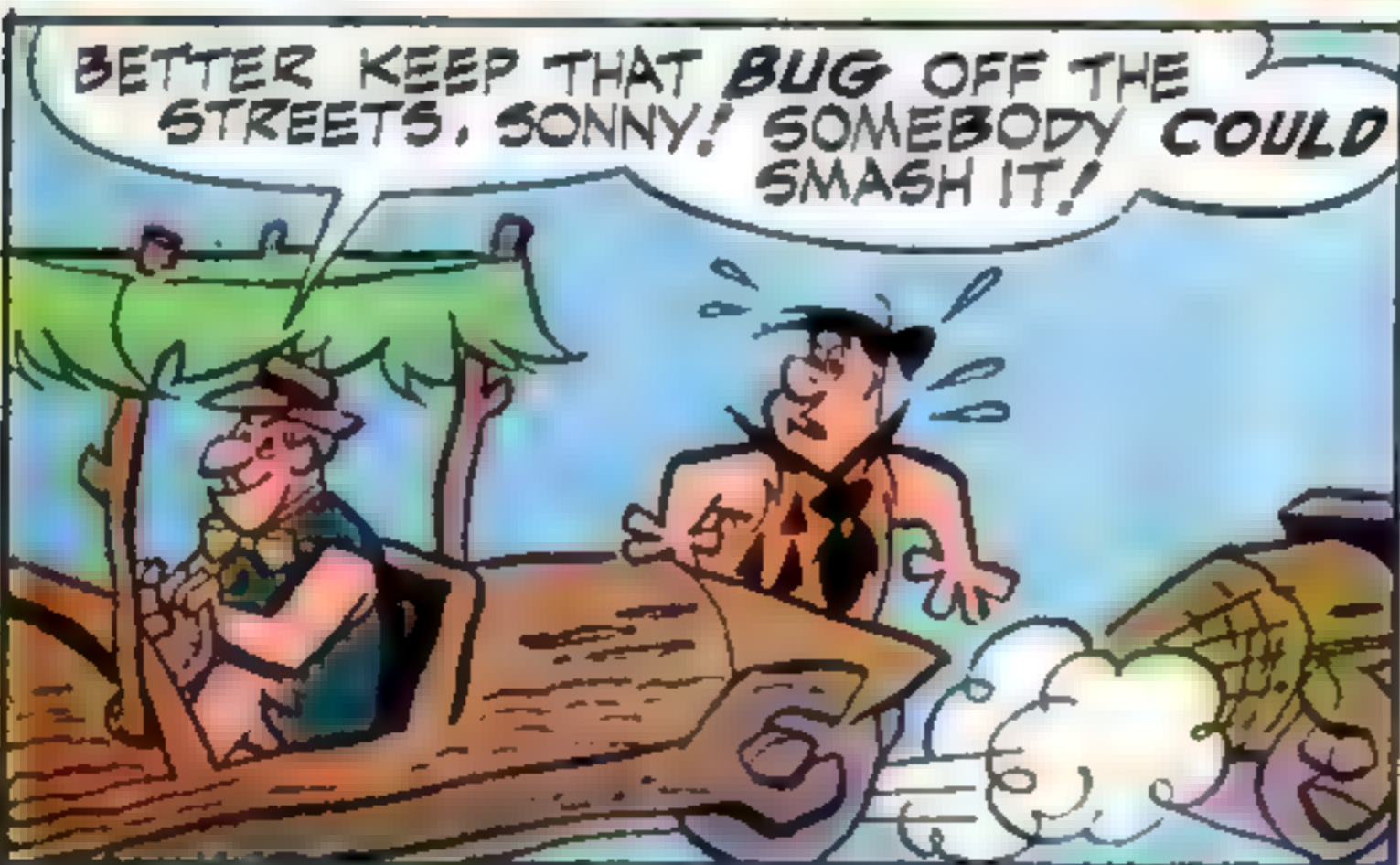
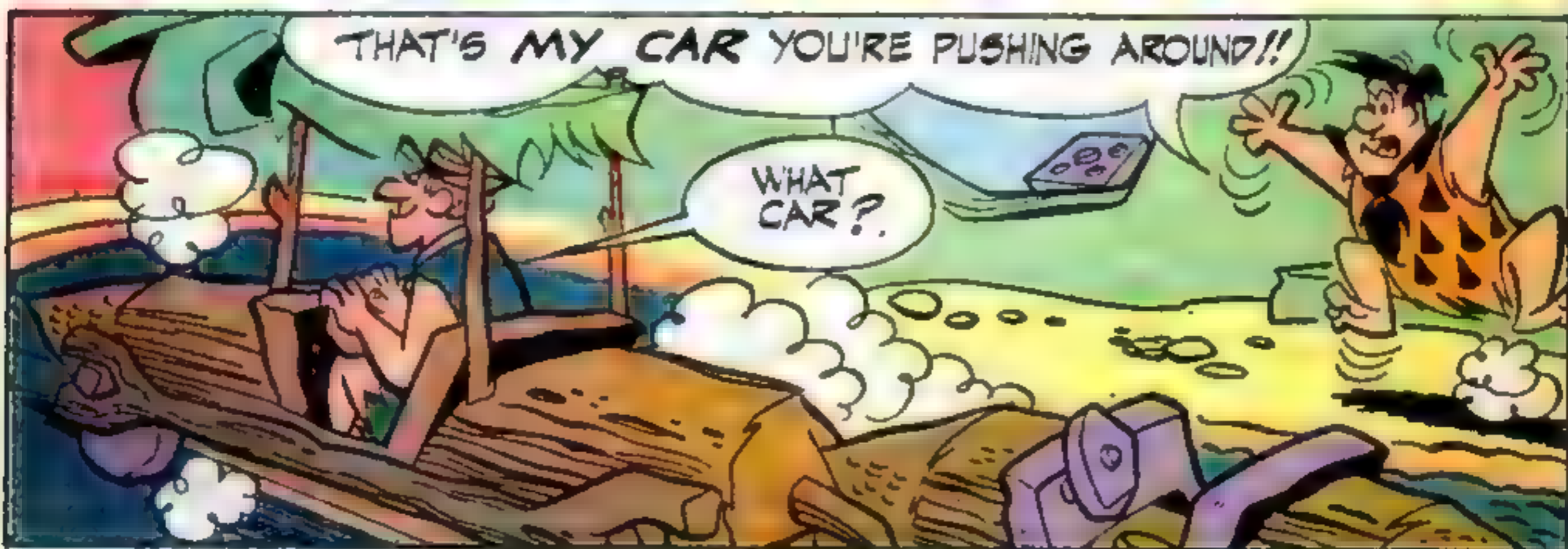
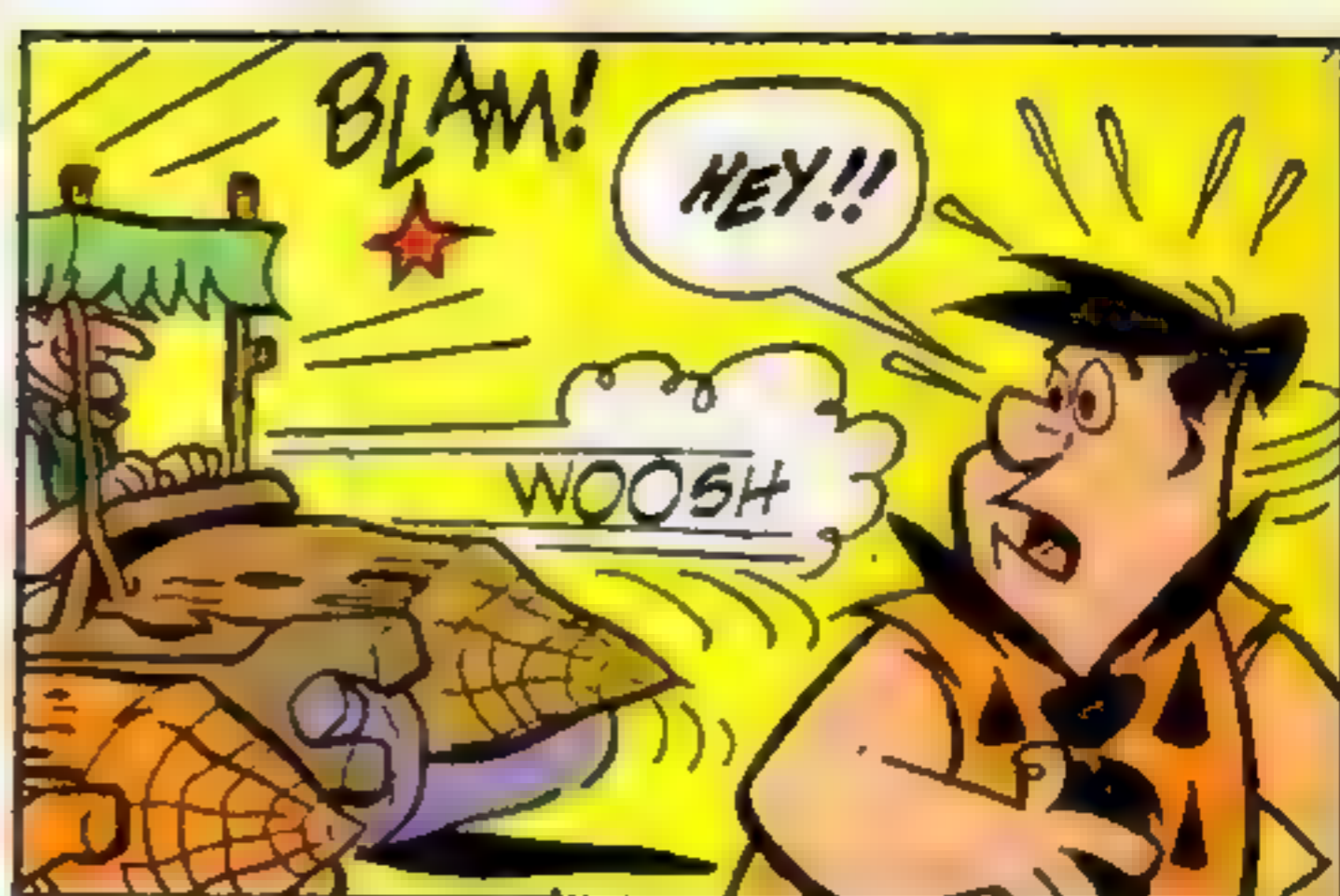
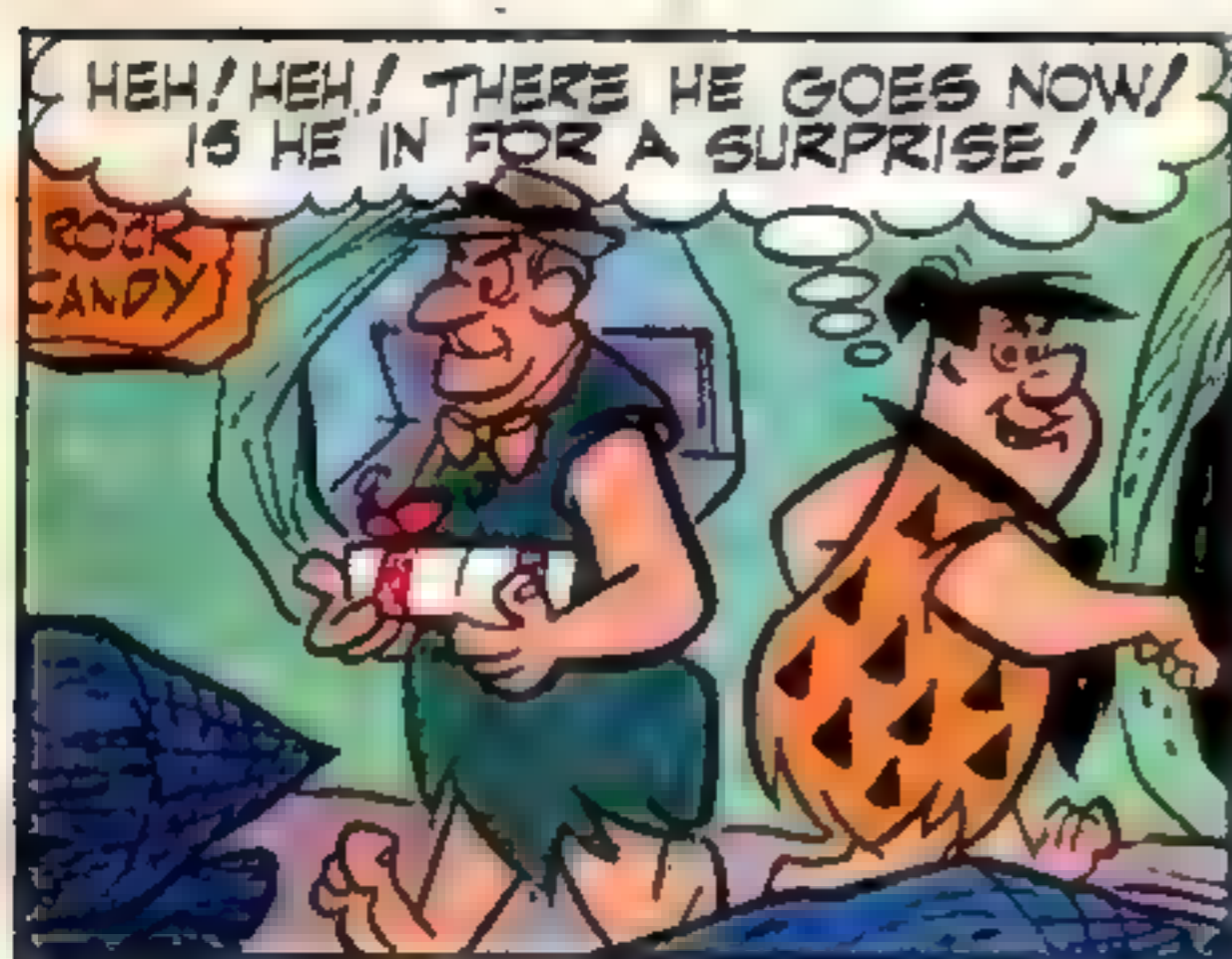
THE ONLY THING
THAT WOULD
IMPRESS HIM IS A
GOOD HOME-
COOKED MEAL
AND--

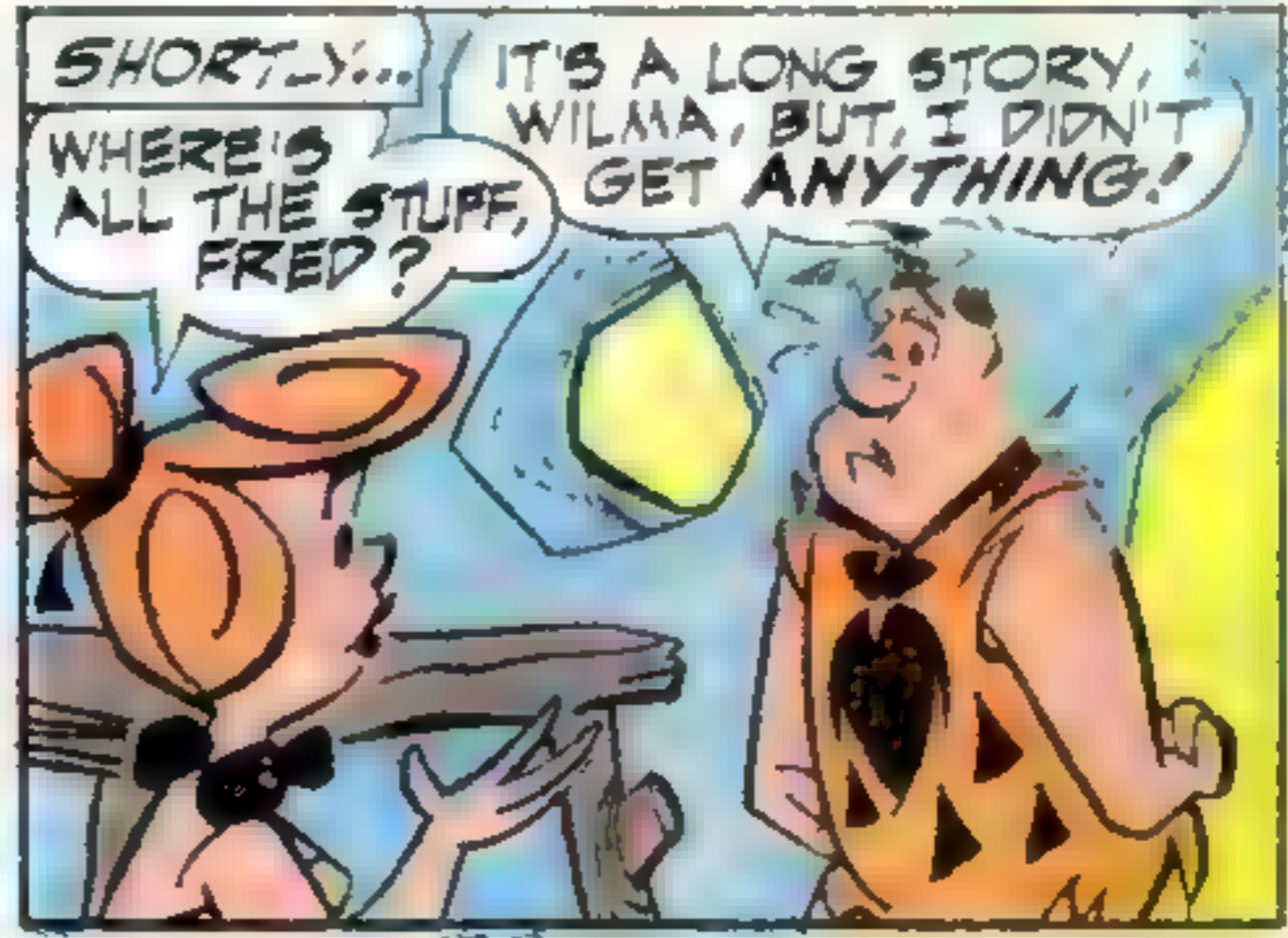
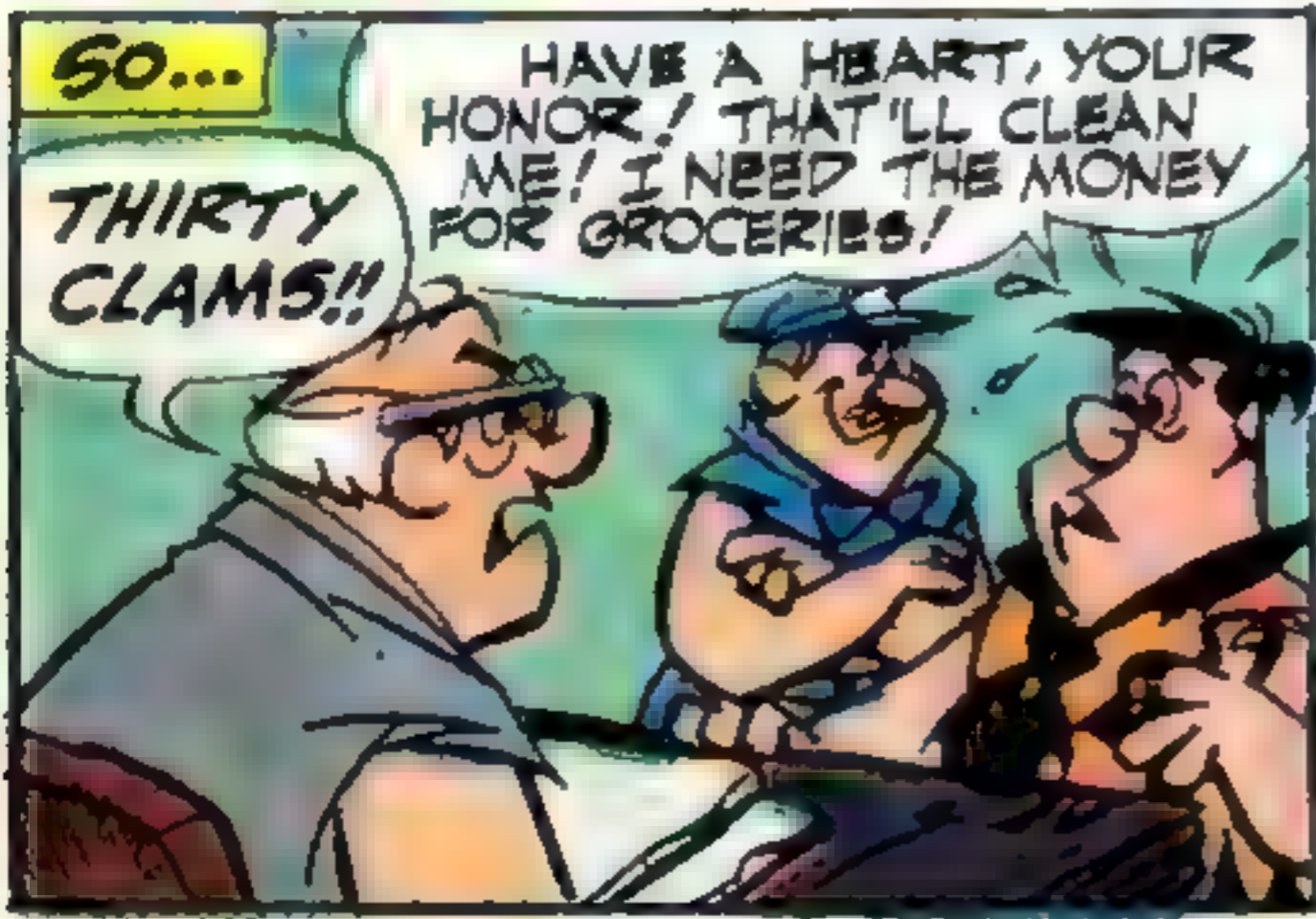
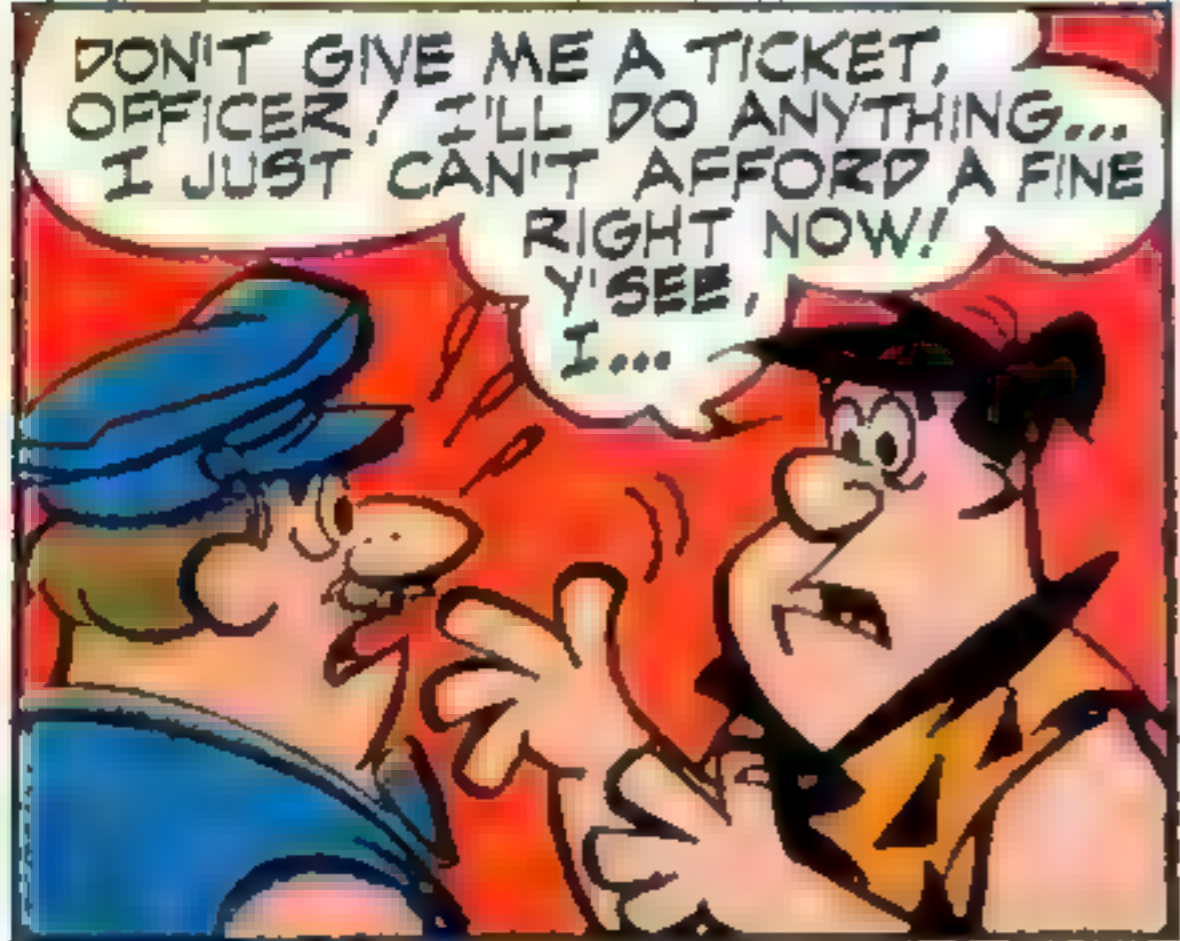
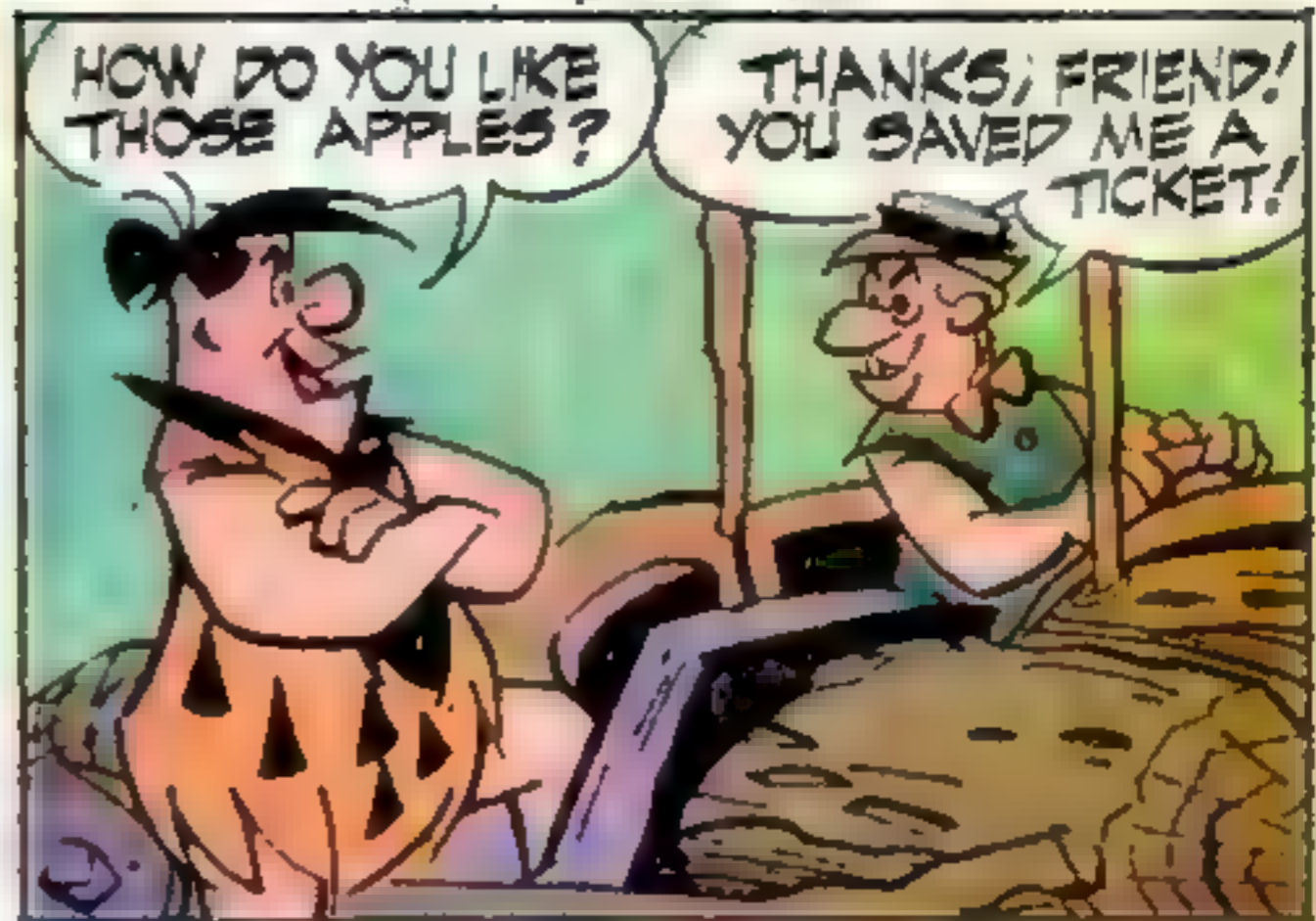
I HATE TO SAY
THIS, BOSS... BUT,
YOUR WIFE'S A
DUD WHEN IT COMES
TO COOKING!

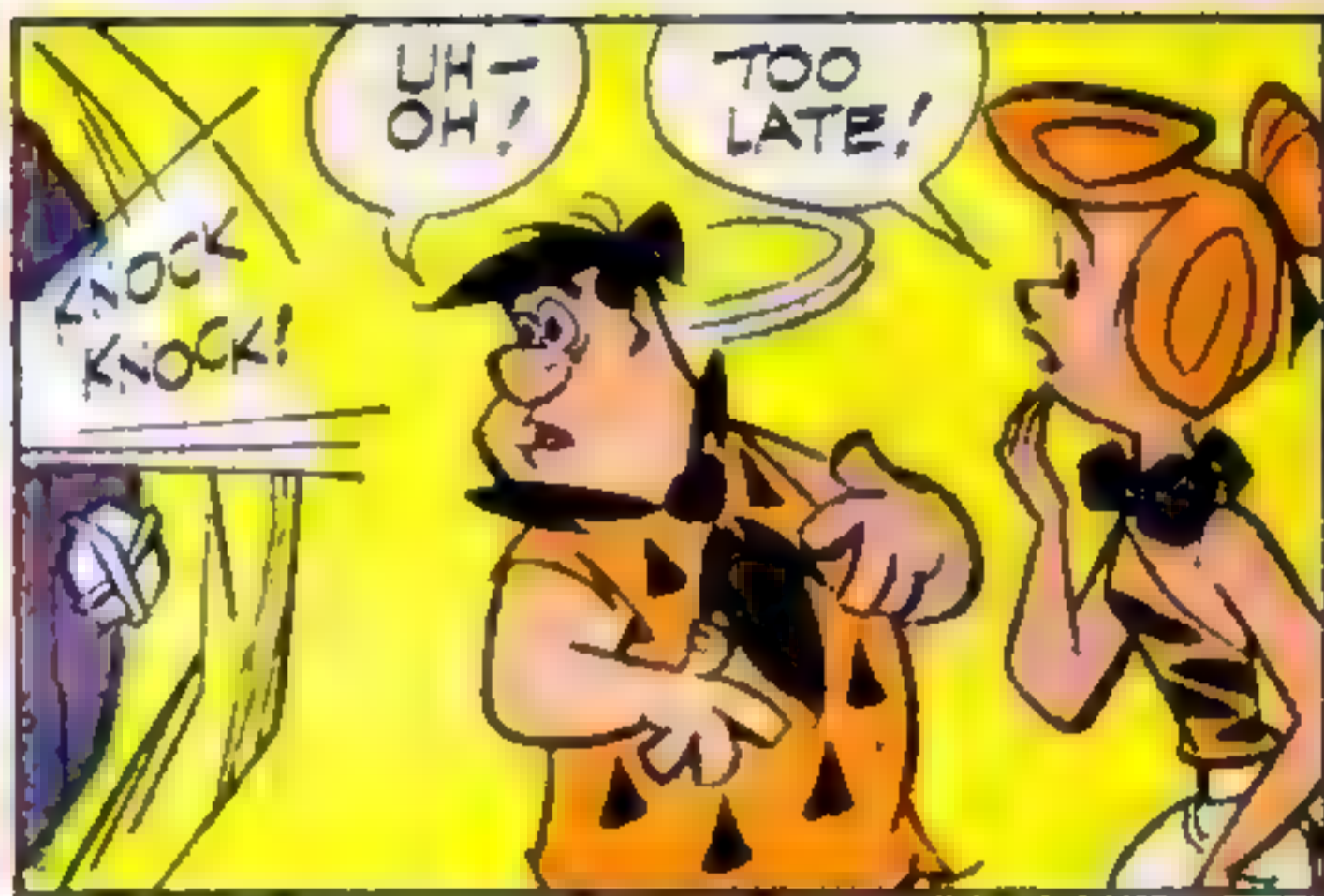














Reader's Page MONSTERS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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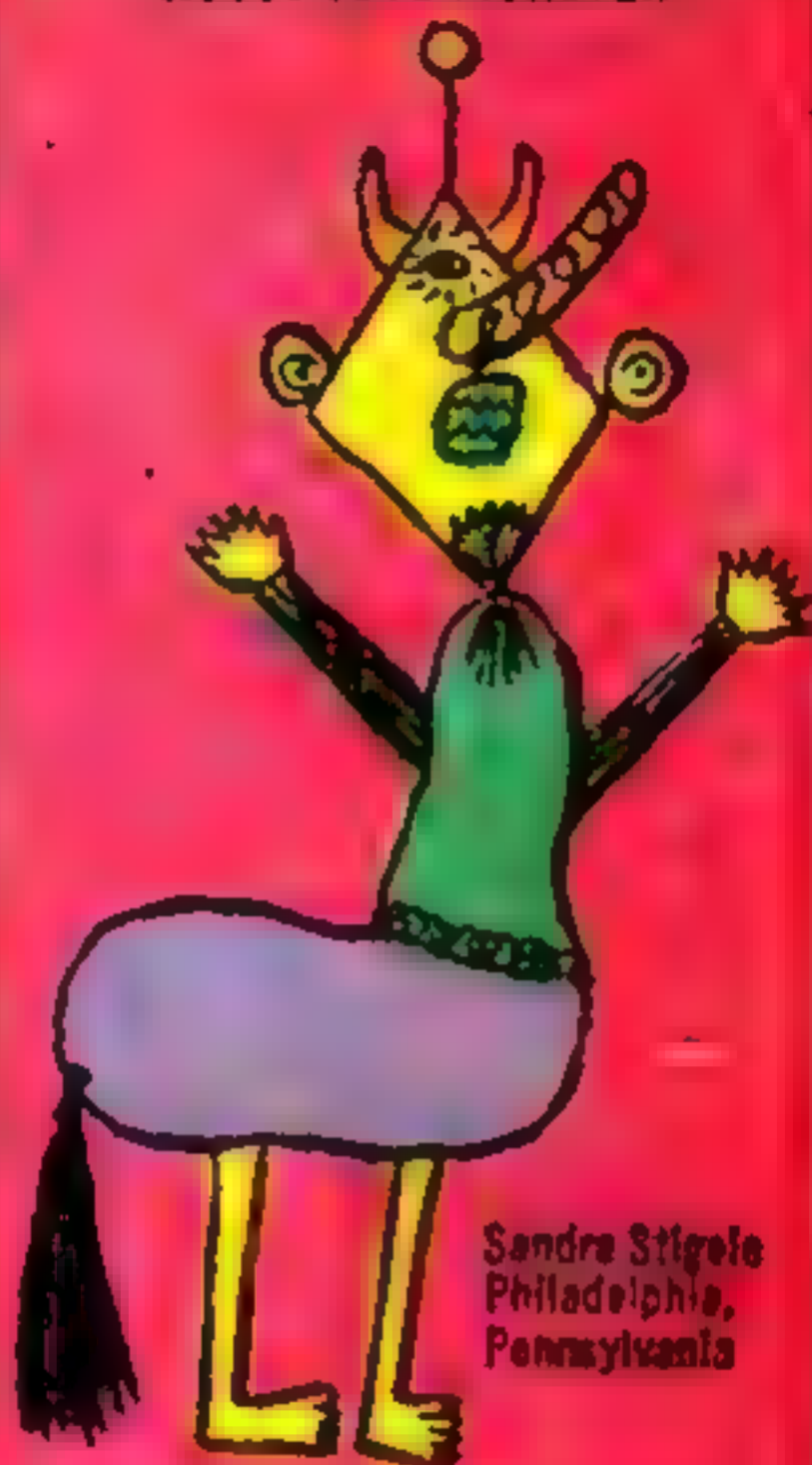
THE POLKA-DOTTED FREAK



Merry Liz Panfely
San Antonio, Texas

Loves to dance the polka.

NUTTY TUTU MONSTER



Sandra Stigelo
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania

Goes around saying "I am a nutty tutu."

MOLECULE DUMB DUMB



Billy Peet
Statenburg, New York

Looks at something and turns it to molecules.

THE HANDSHAKER



Tony Martin
Amarillo, Texas

Anyone who shakes his hand falls apart.

MUMMYMAN OF MONGOLIA



Michael Rizzo
San Antonio, Texas

Stares people to death.

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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Hanna-Barbara

MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST

The TEA PARTY PANIC

EVERY WEEK GOONDA'S GIRL FRIENDS GET TOGETHER TO S.P. TEA AND SWAP HEXES...

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CUP OF BAT WING TEA!

AND THESE OWL CLAW COOKIES ARE WONDERFUL!

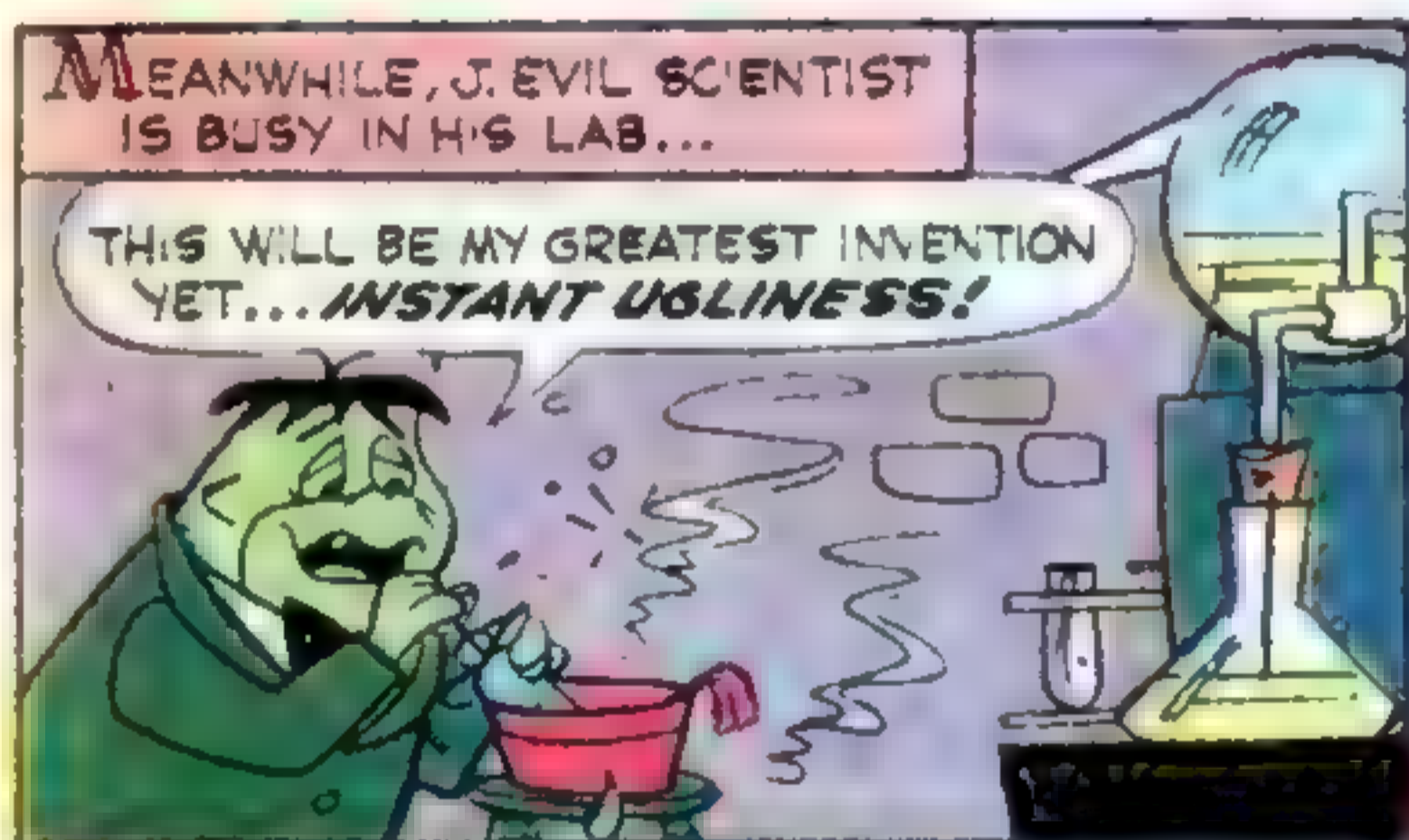
I GOT THE RECIPE FROM VERA VAMPIRE!

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND

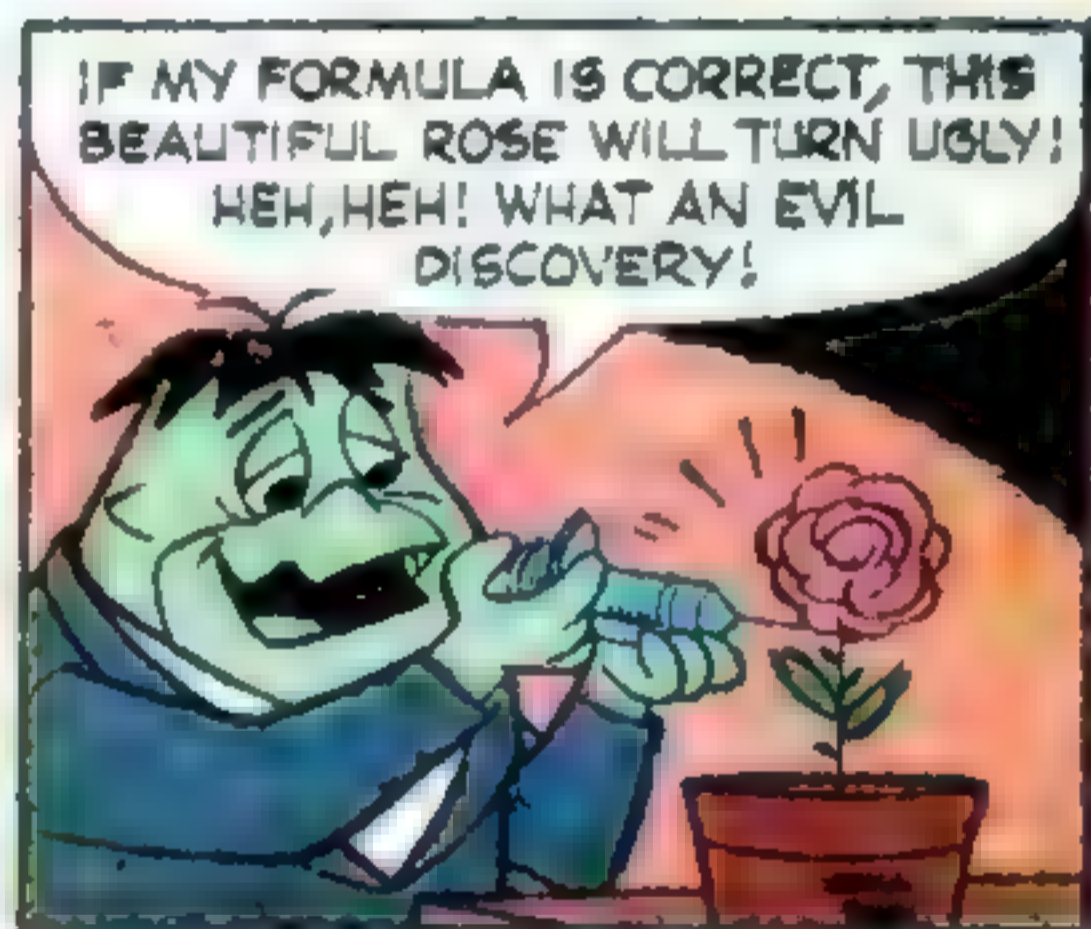


MEANWHILE, J. EVIL SCIENTIST IS BUSY IN HIS LAB...

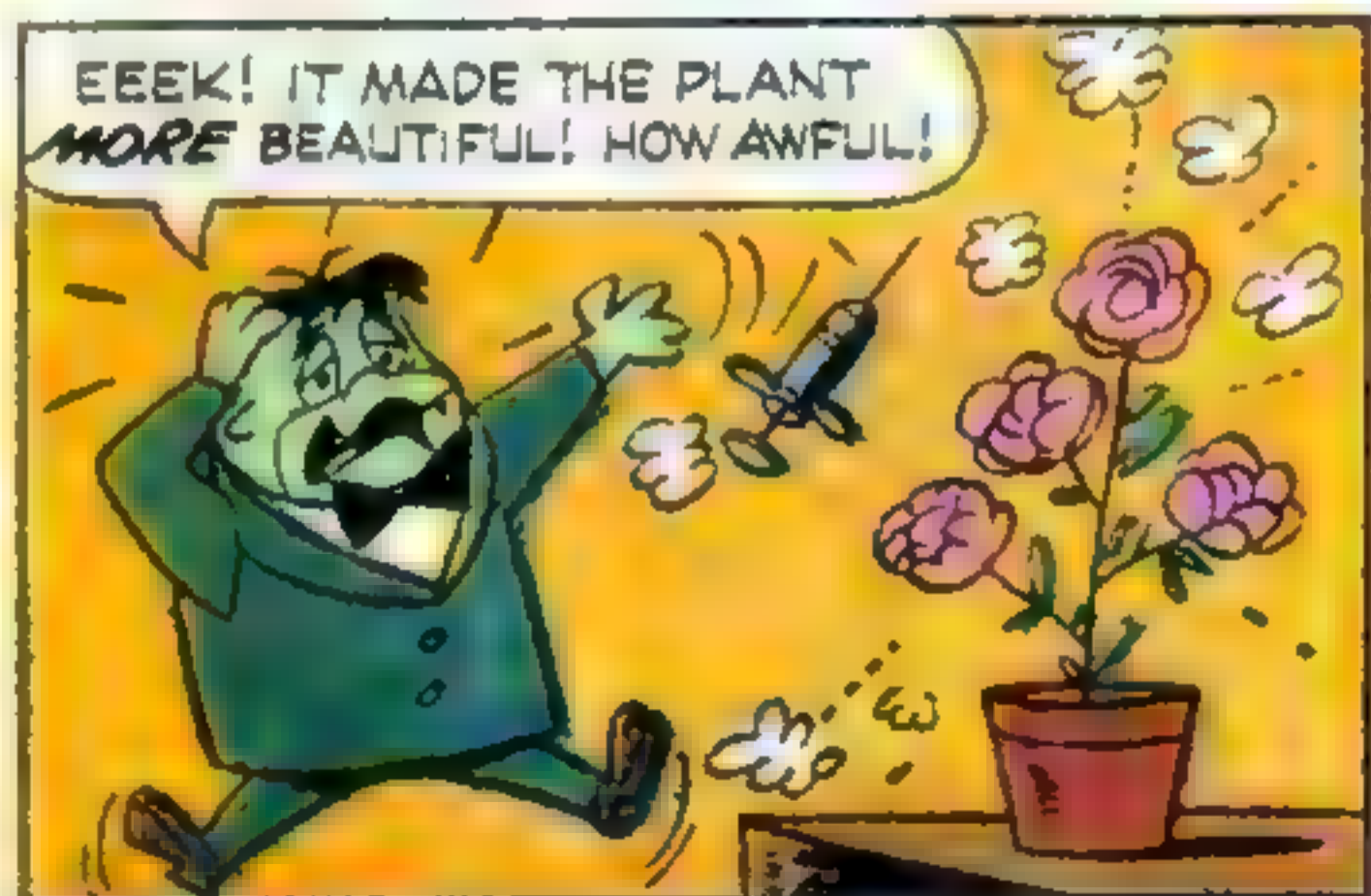
THIS WILL BE MY GREATEST INVENTION YET... *INSTANT UGLINESS!*



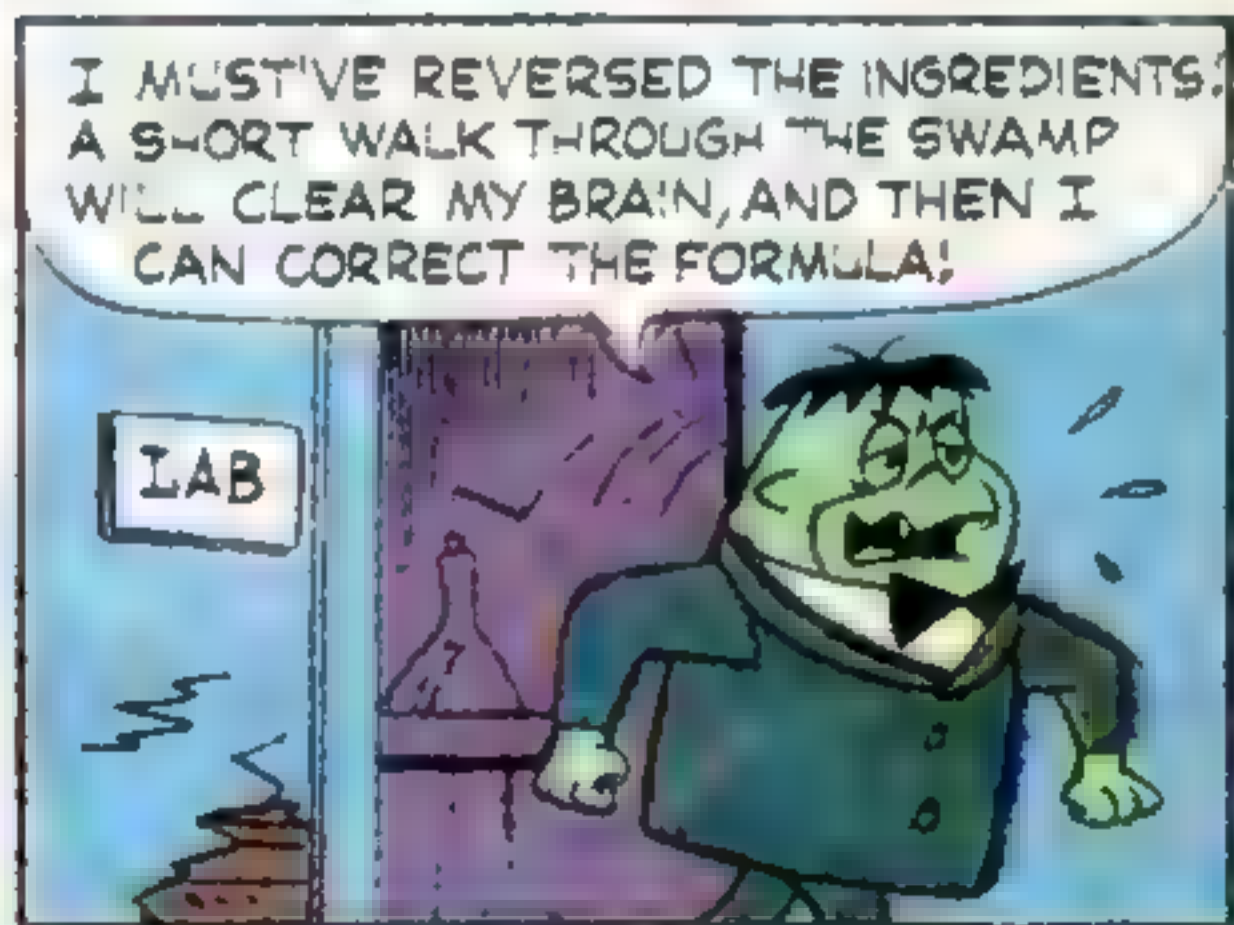
IF MY FORMULA IS CORRECT, THIS BEAUTIFUL ROSE WILL TURN UGLY! HEH, HEH! WHAT AN EVIL DISCOVERY!

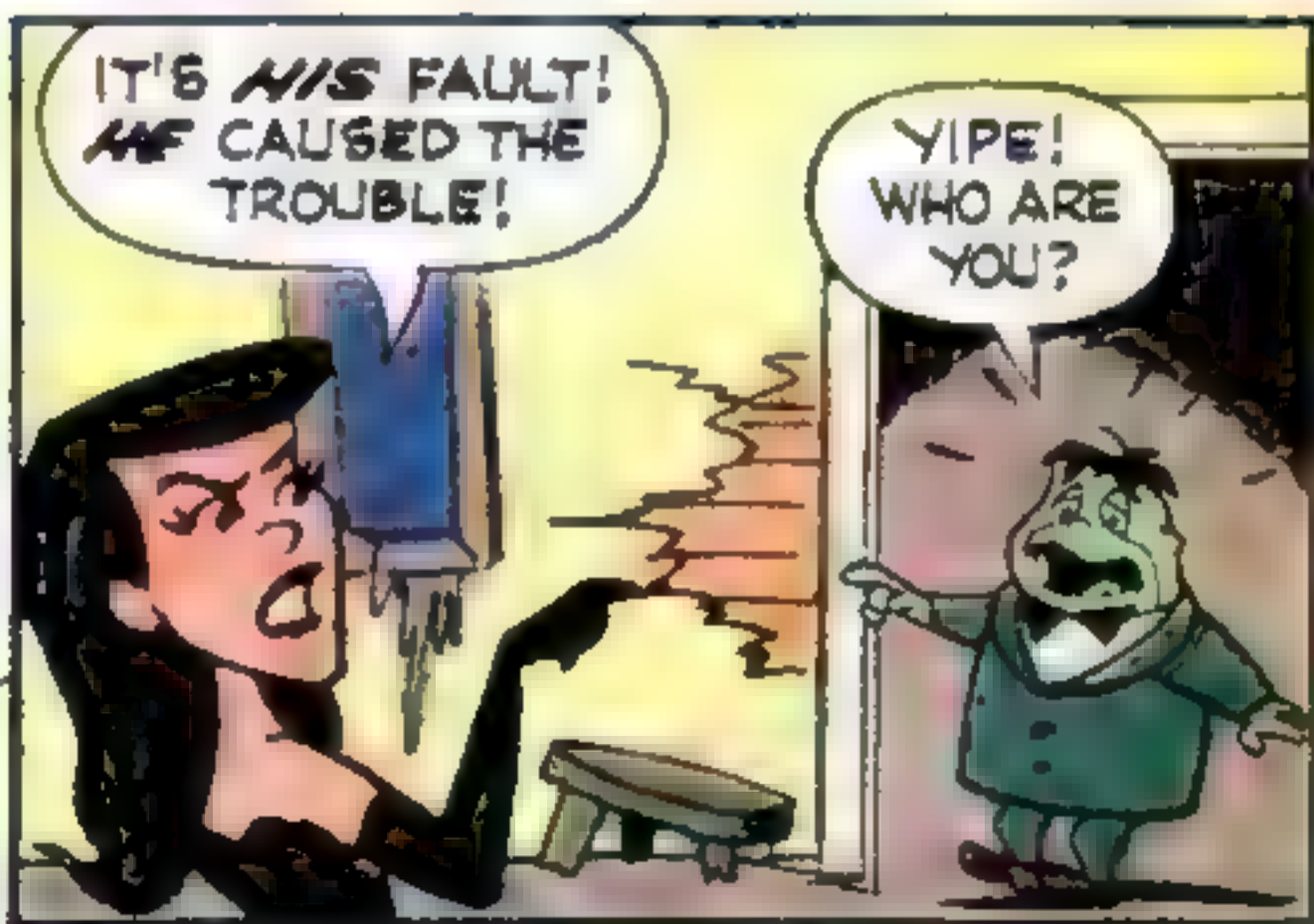
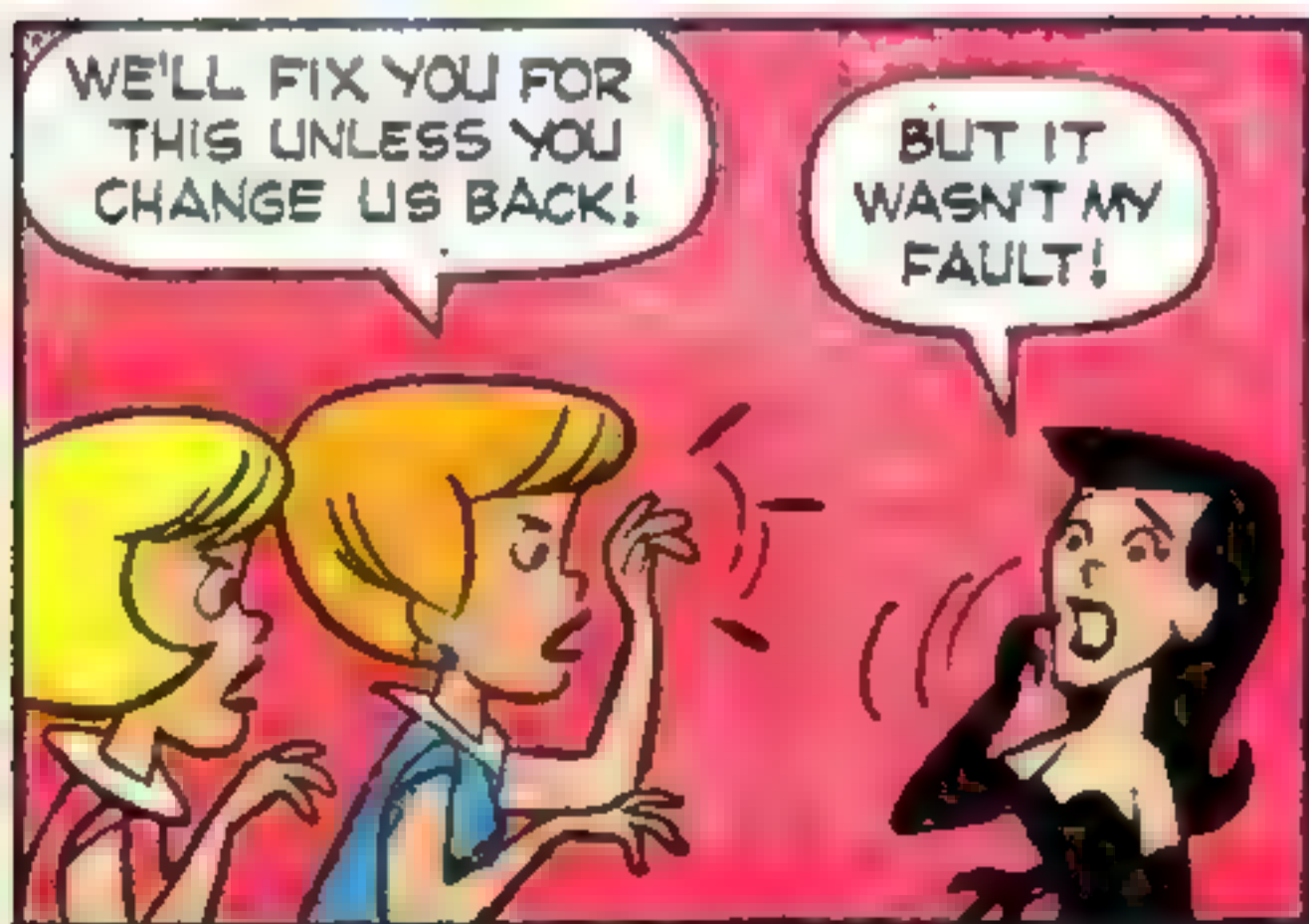
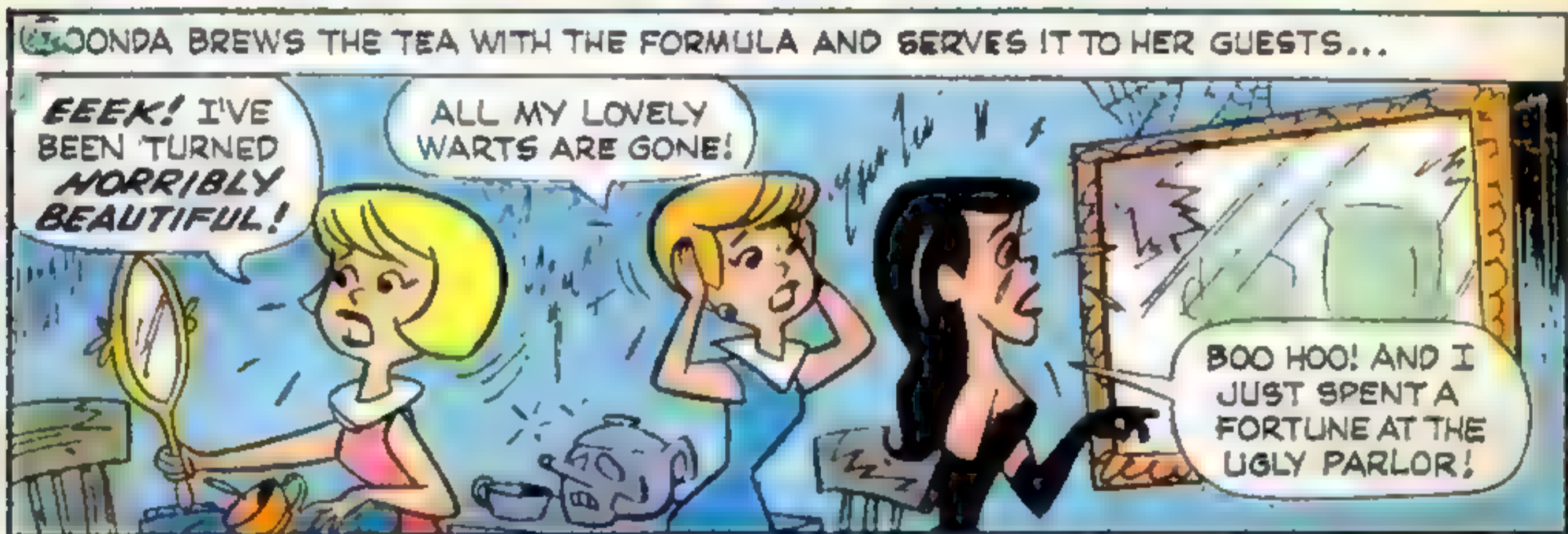
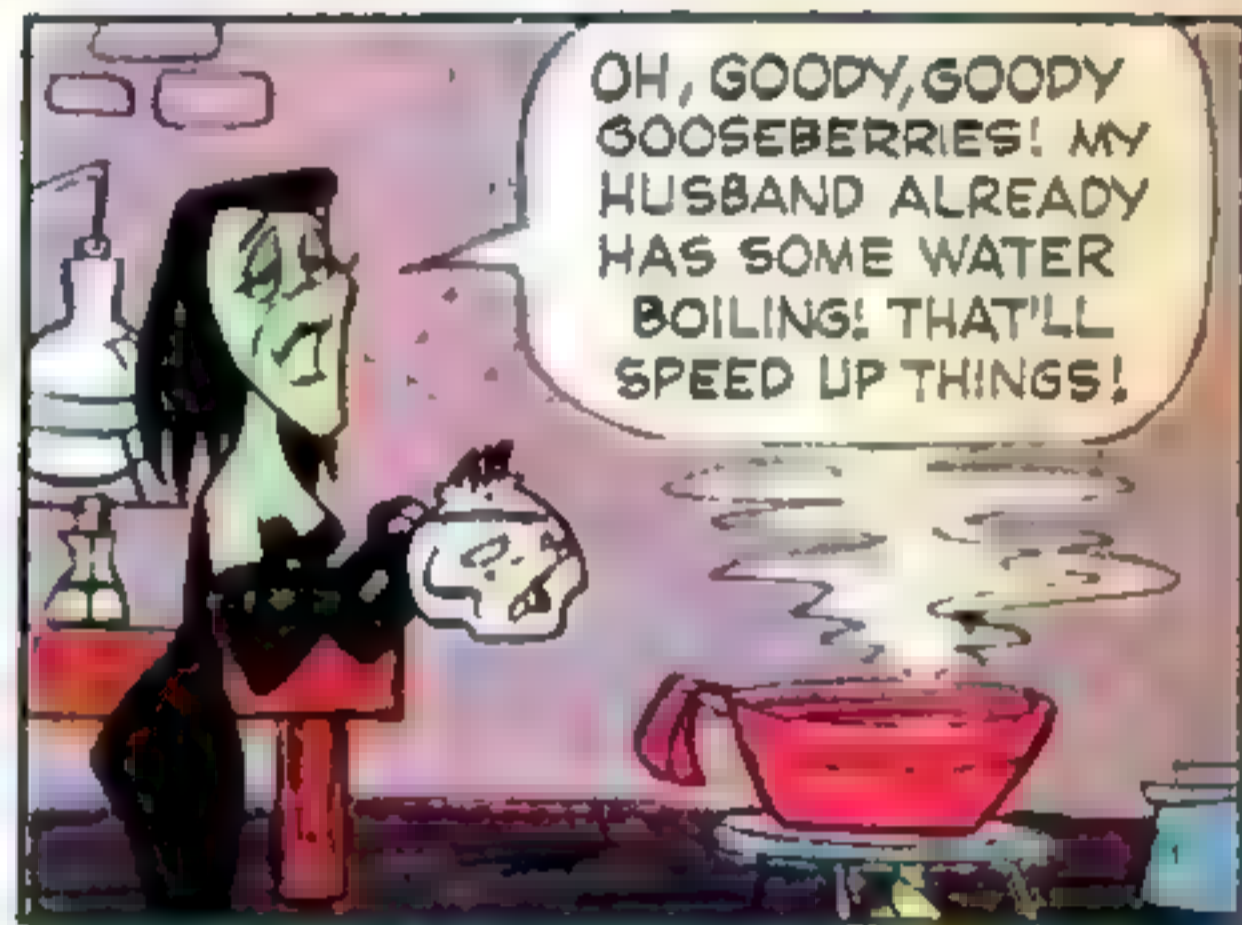
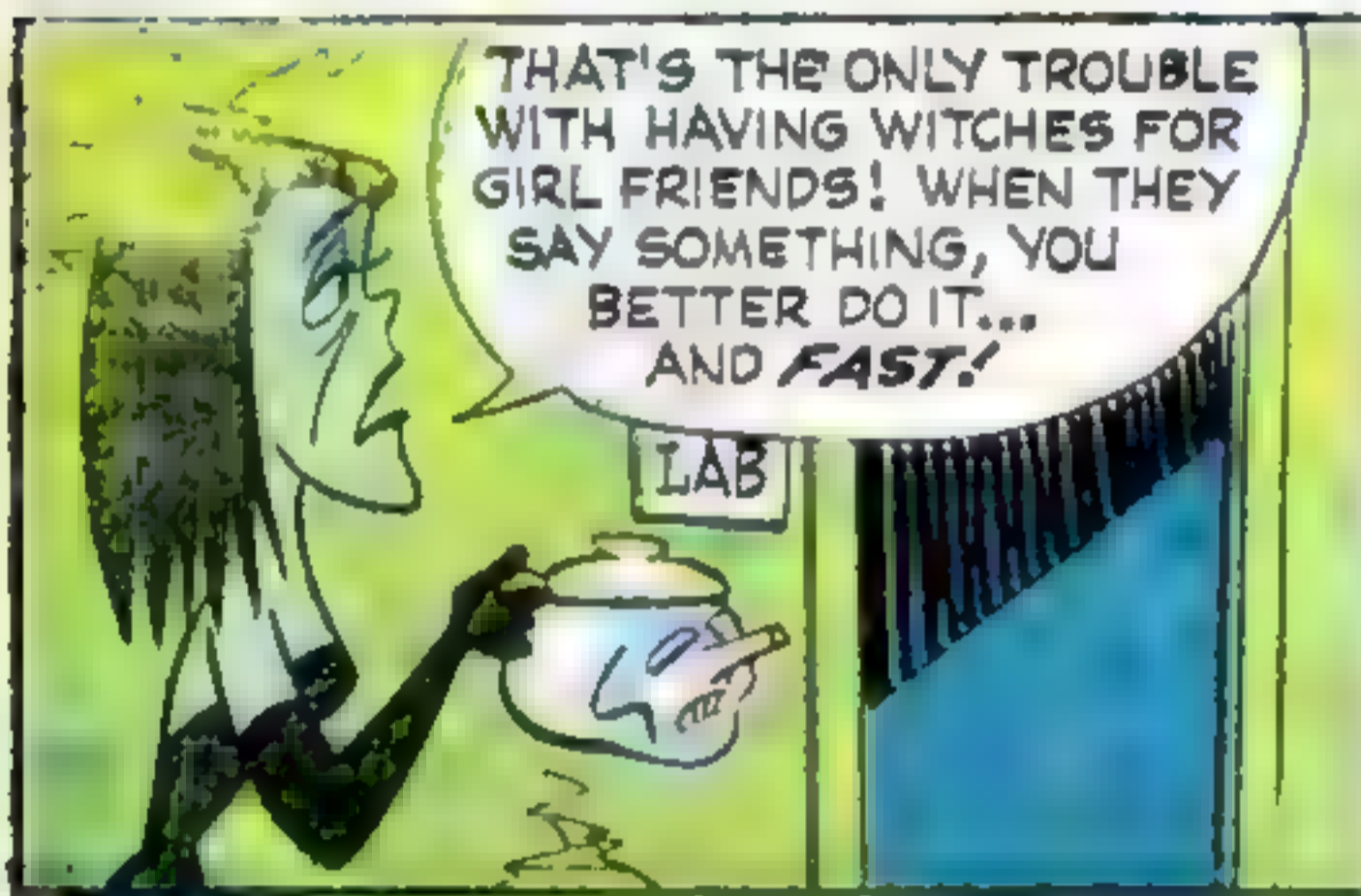
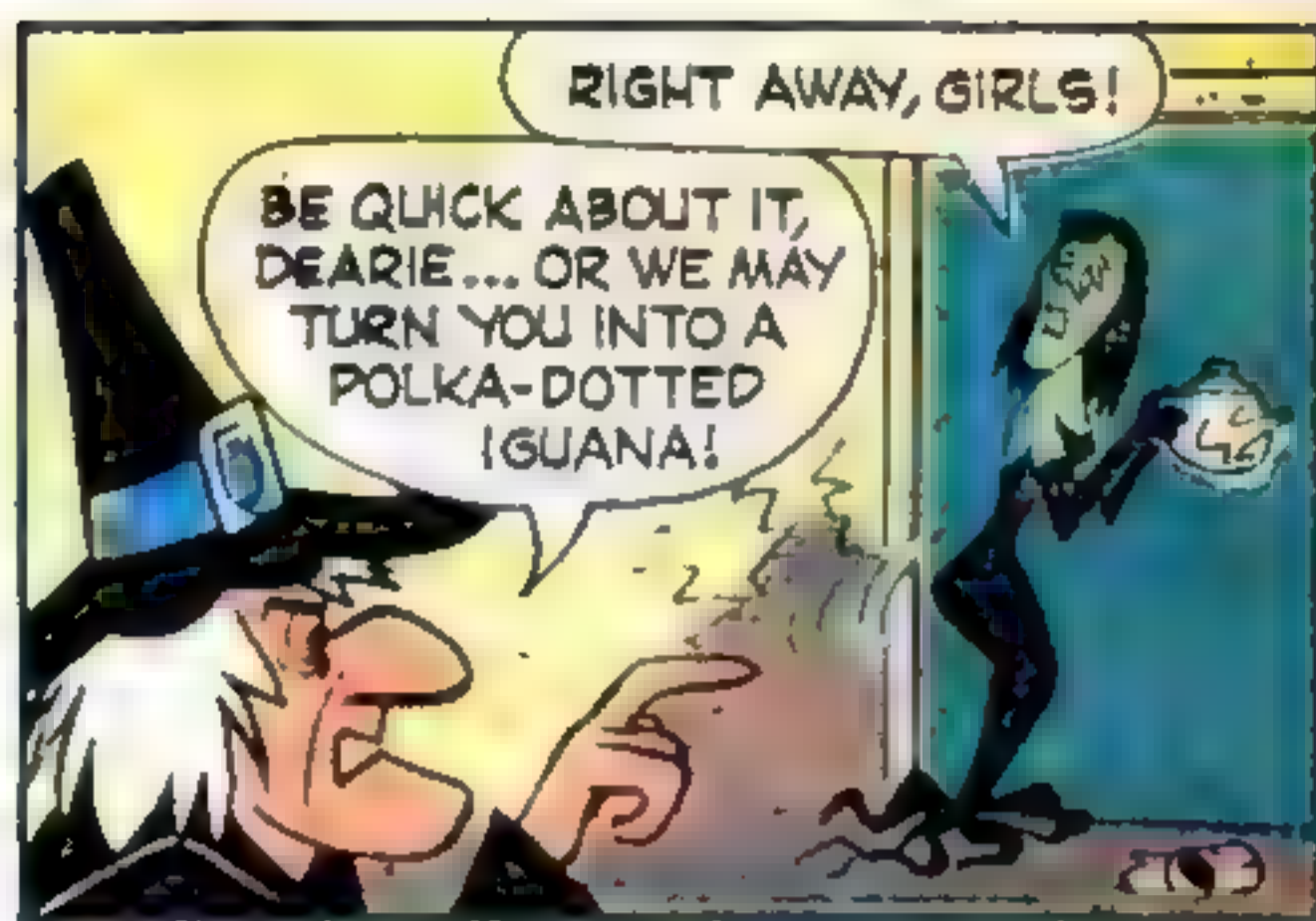
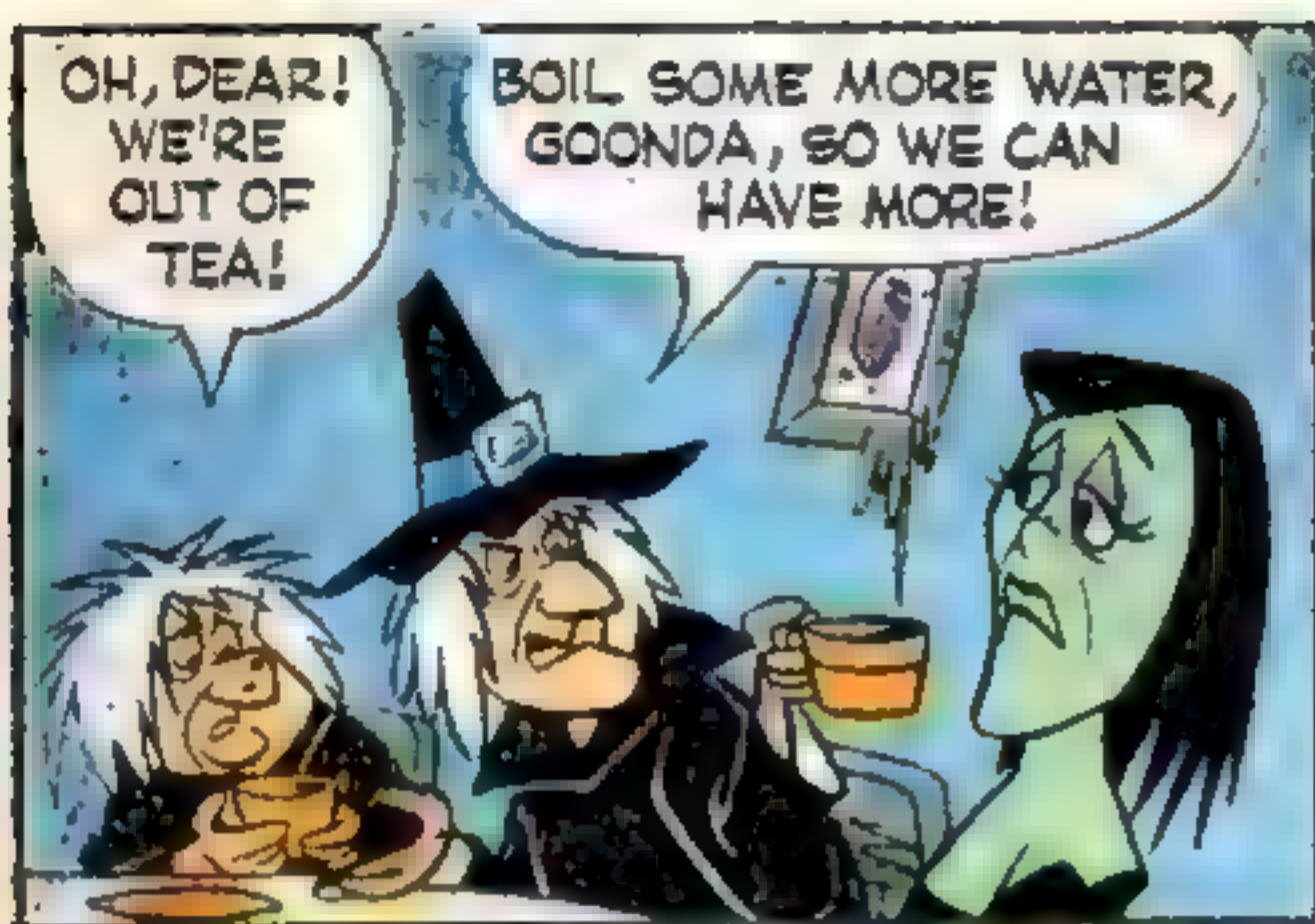


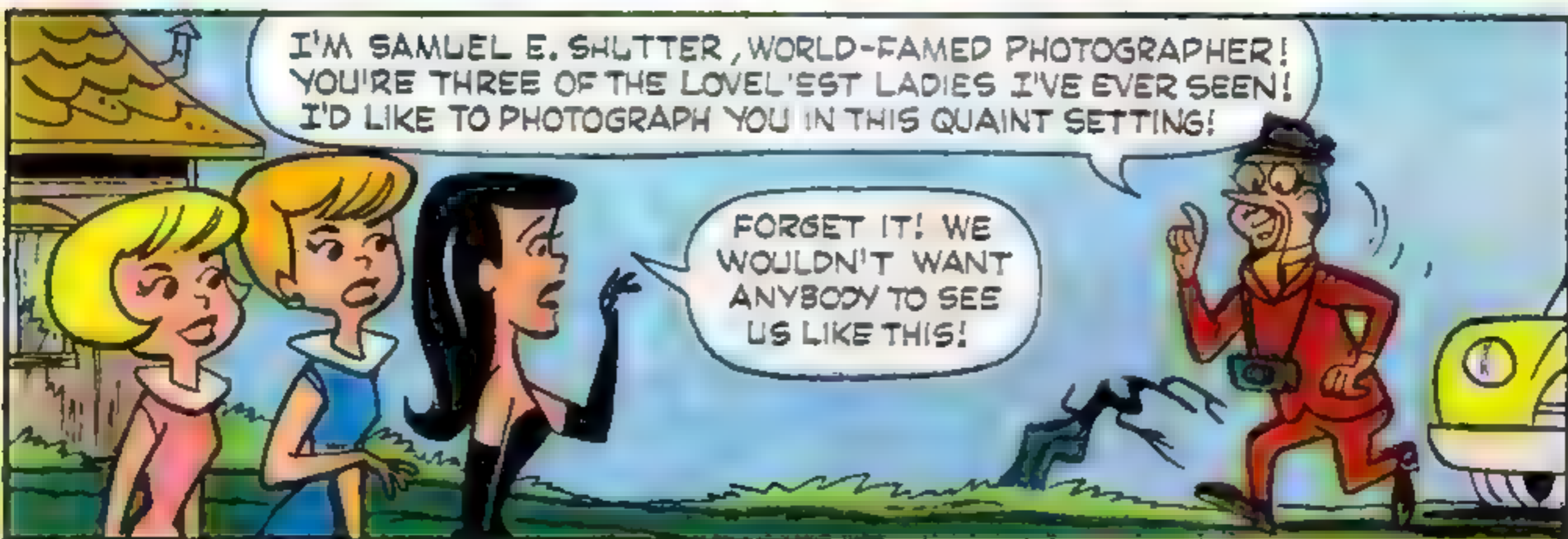
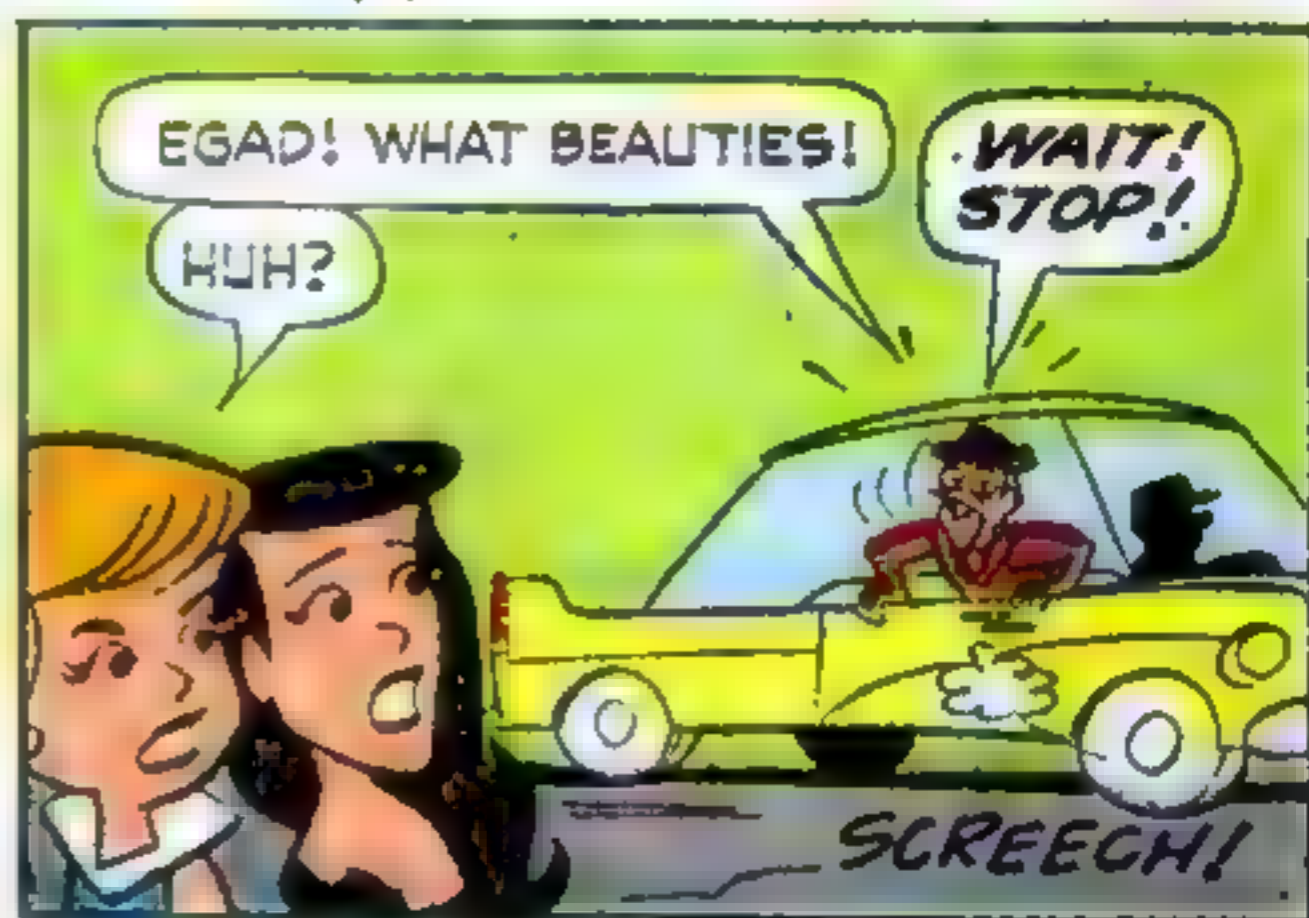
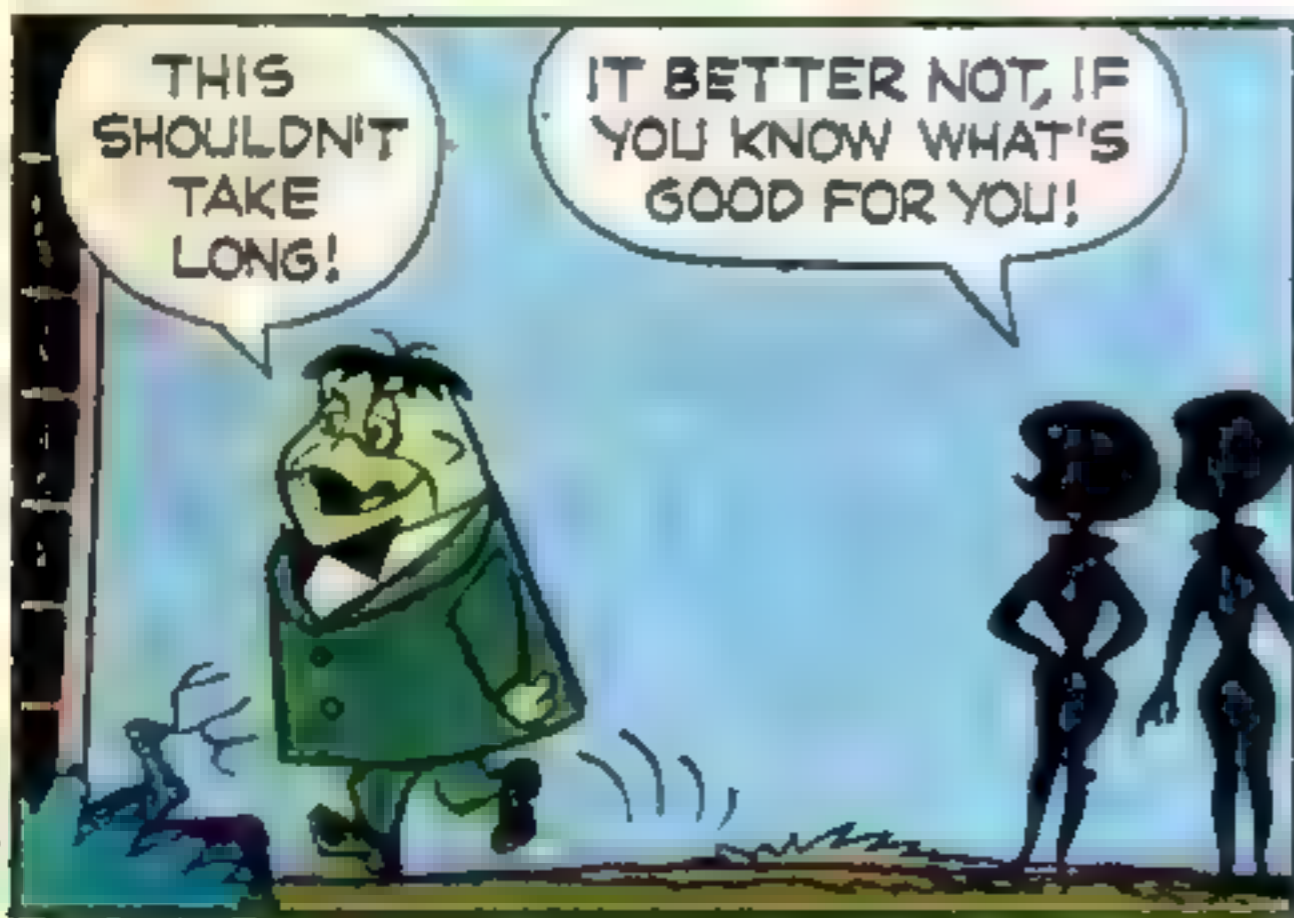
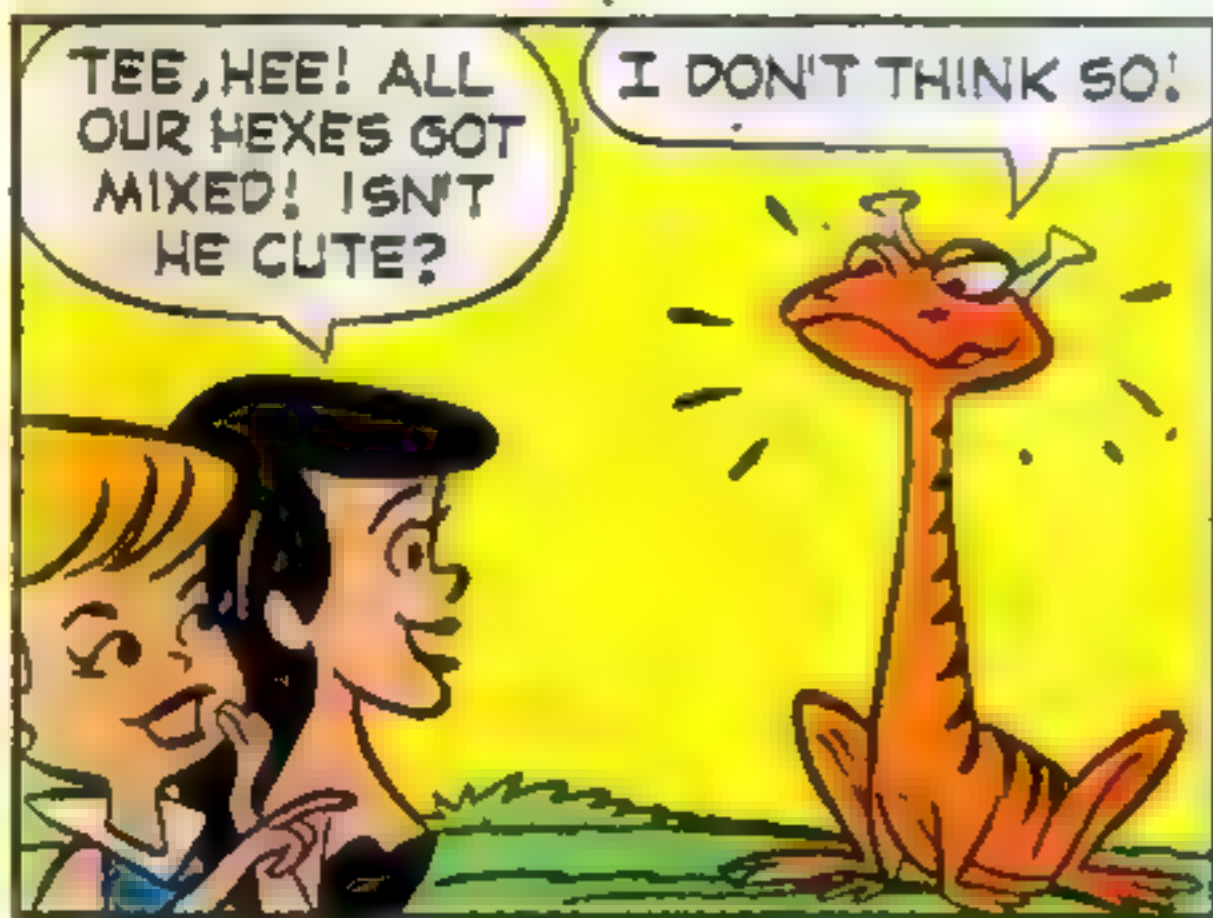
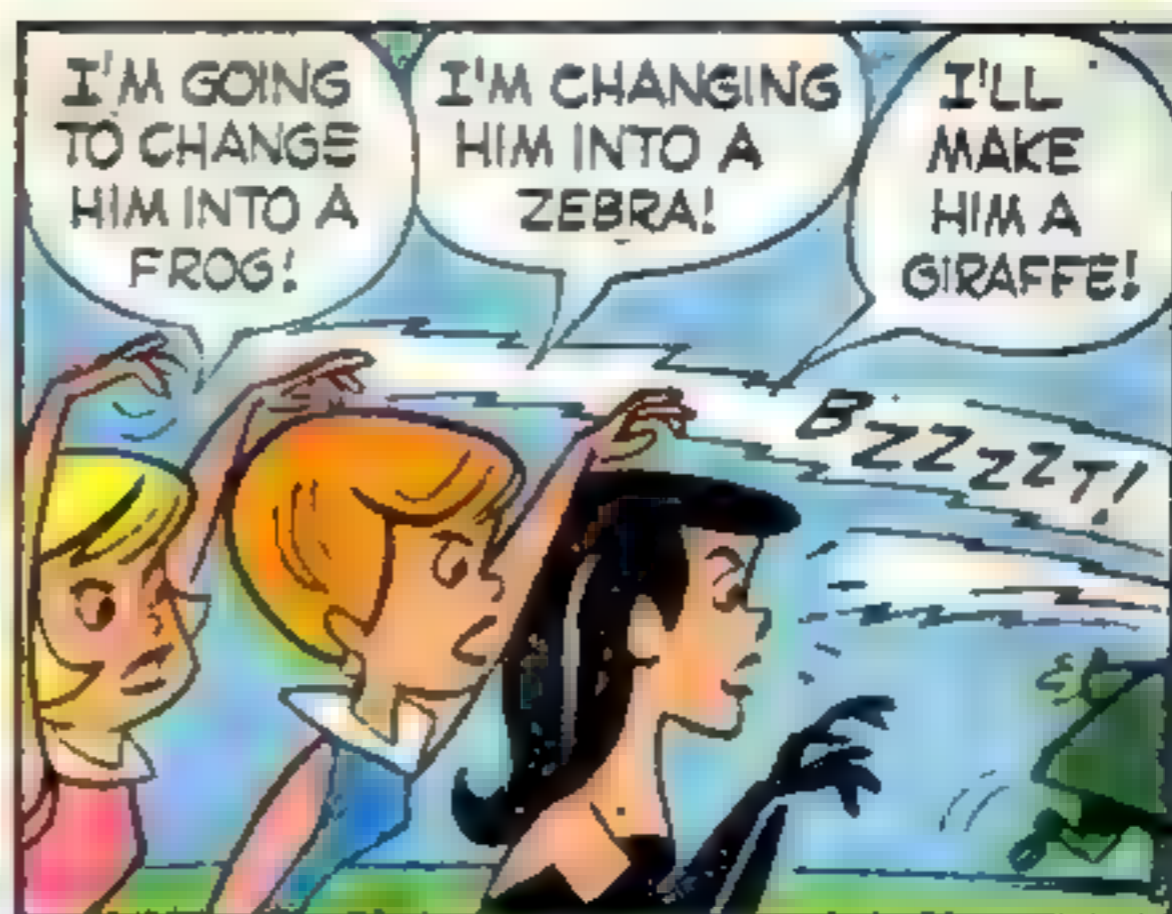
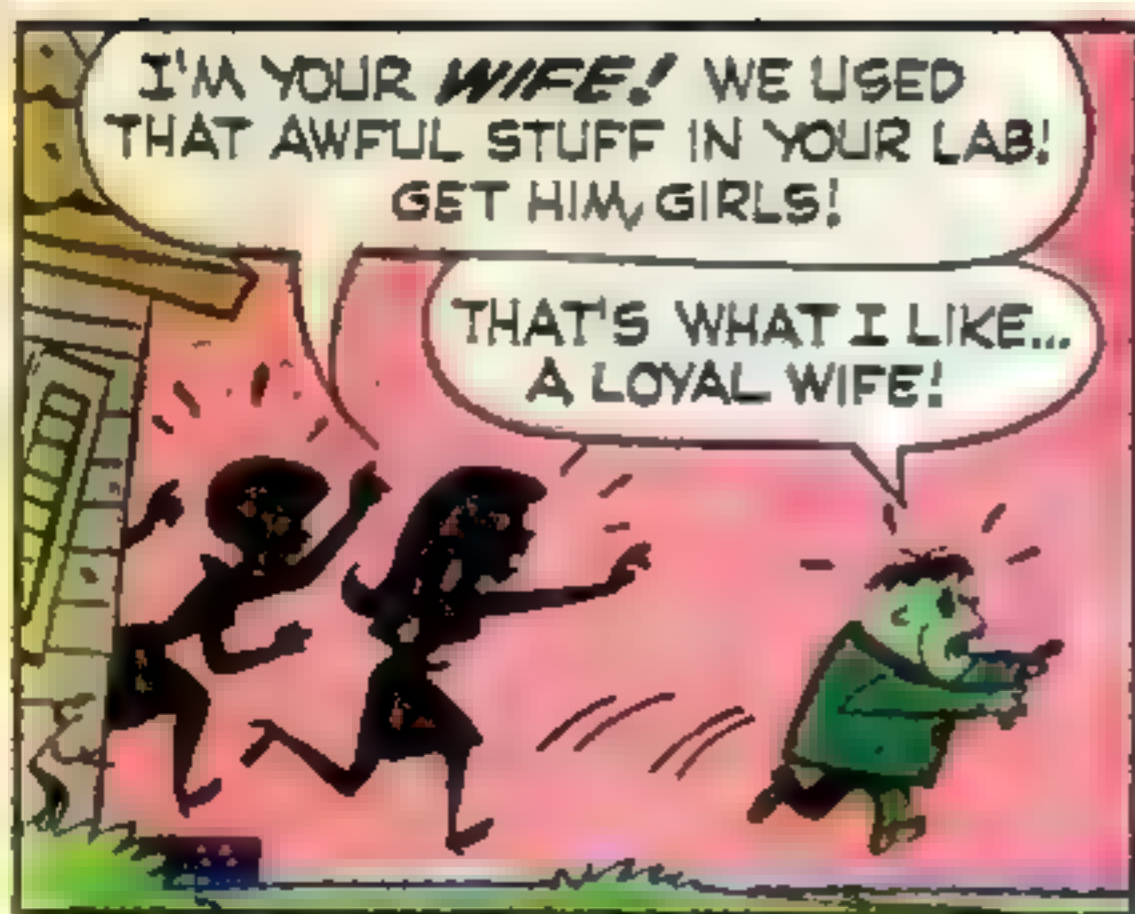
EEEK! IT MADE THE PLANT *MORE* BEAUTIFUL! HOW AWFUL!

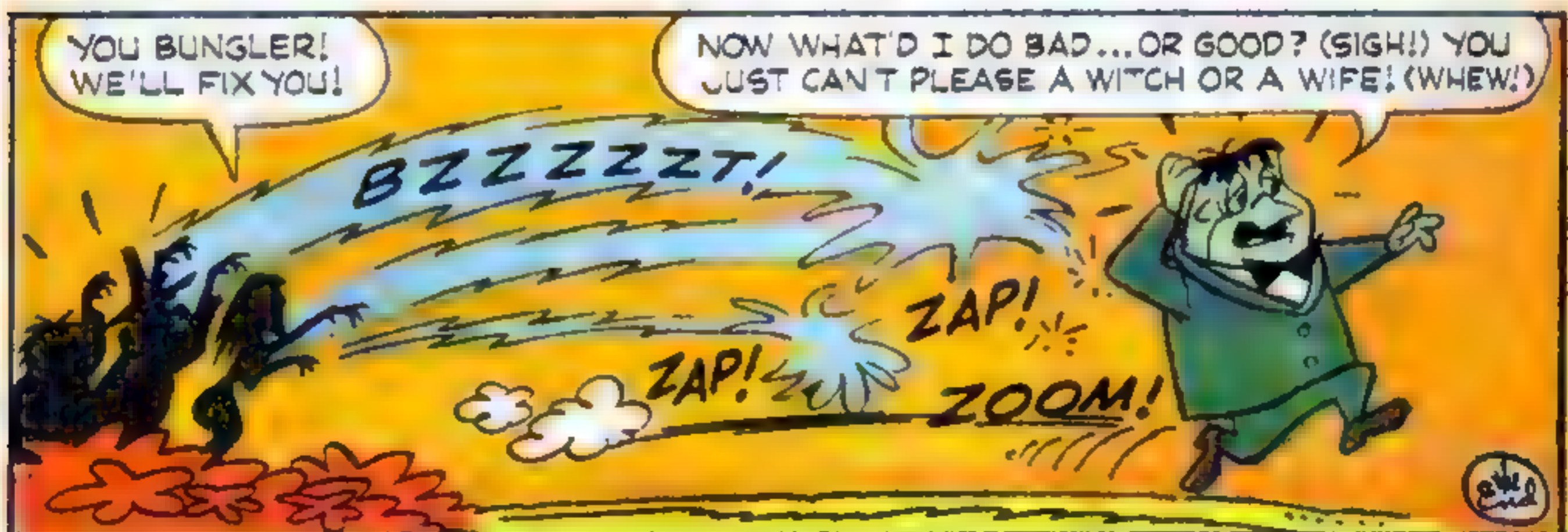
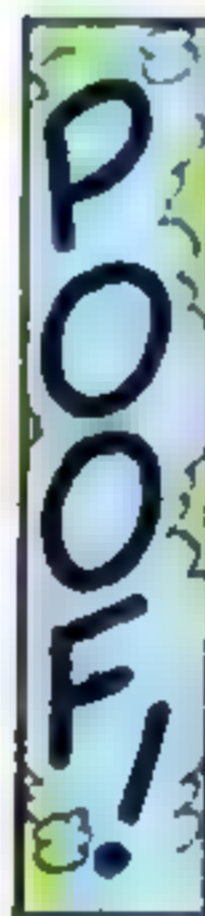
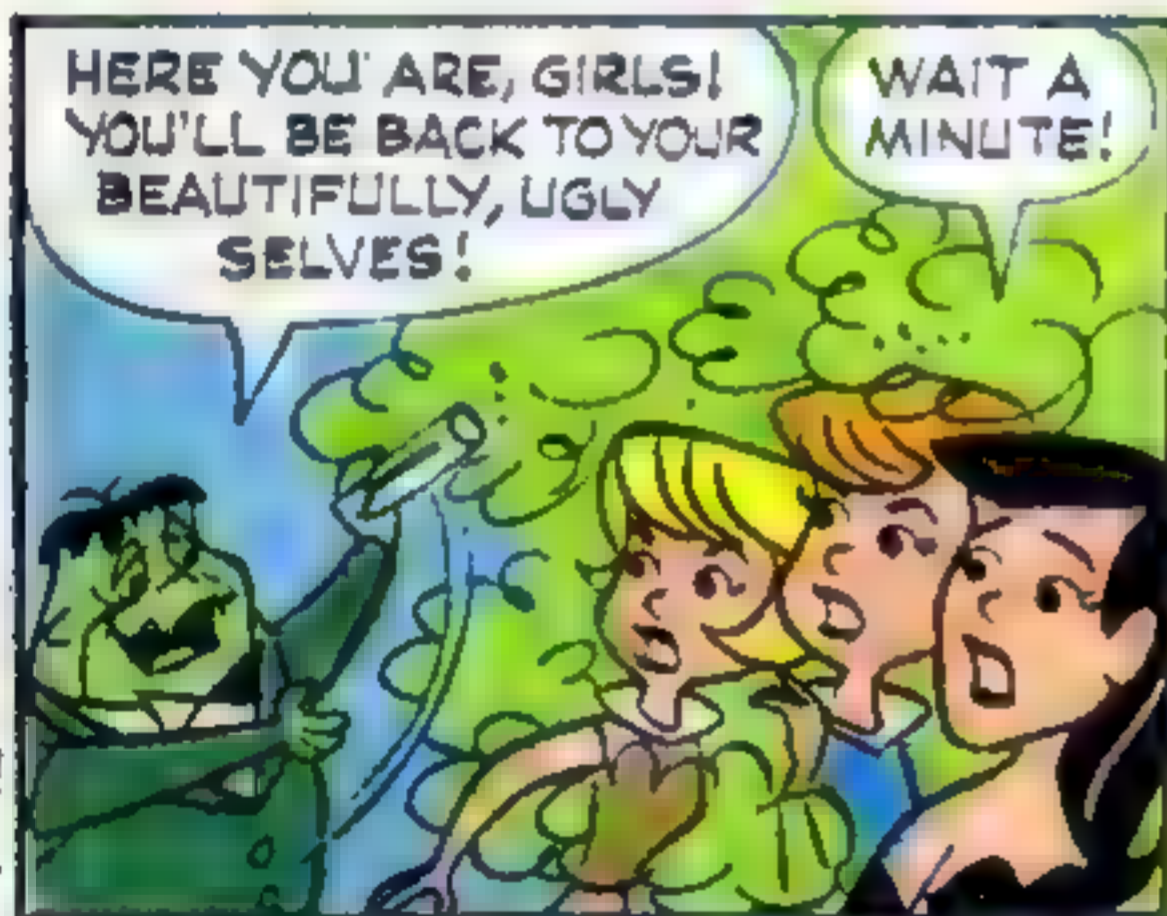
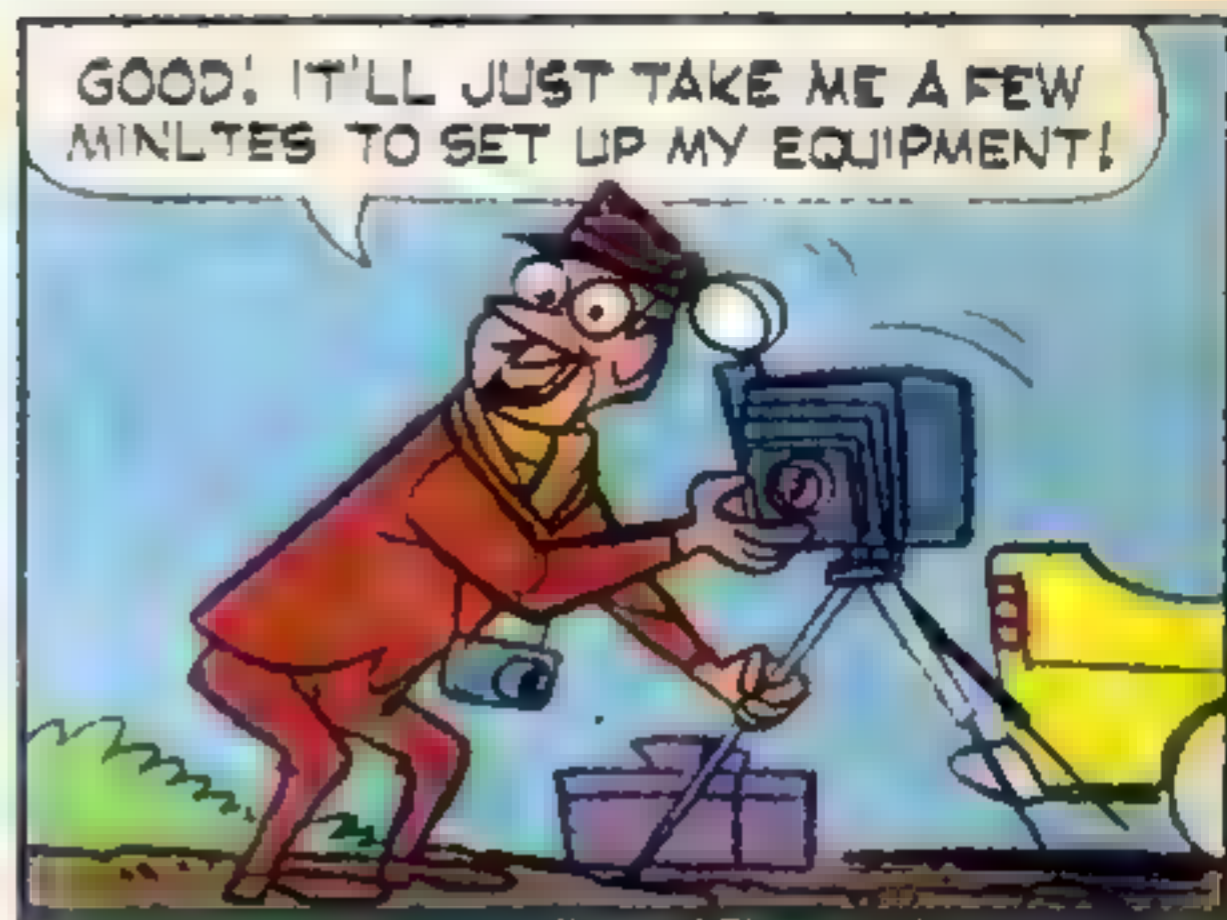


I MUST'VE REVERSED THE INGREDIENTS! A SHORT WALK THROUGH THE SWAMP WILL CLEAR MY BRAIN, AND THEN I CAN CORRECT THE FORMULA!

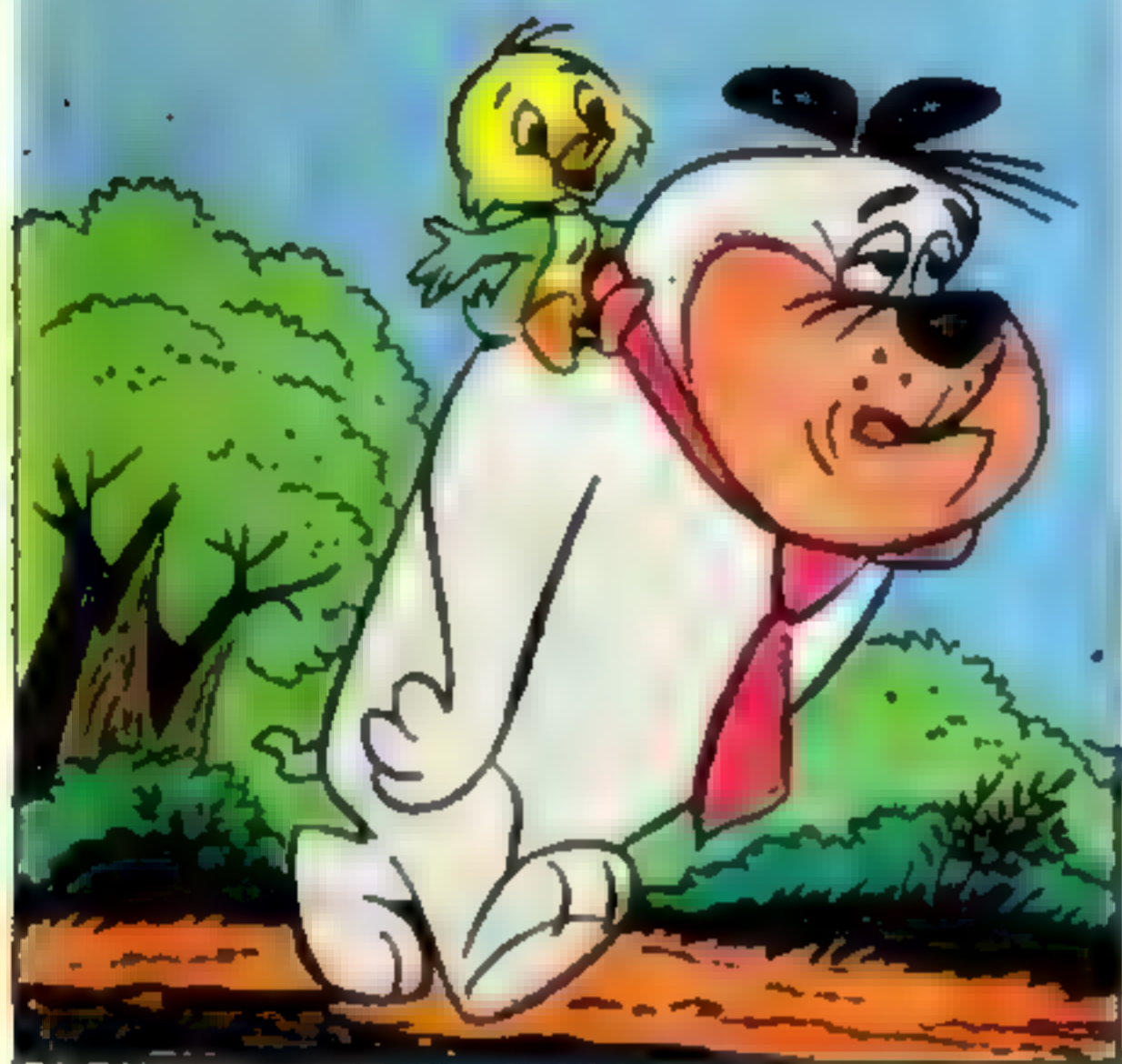








YAKKY DOODLE'S WONDERFUL DAY



"Oh, my, what a wonderful day!" exclaimed Yakky Doodle, as he stepped out into bright sunshine, with blue skies overhead. "The birds are singing, the flowers are blooming, and ducks are ducking along," he laughed, as he set out to visit Chopper.

"Doo-doodley-doo," he sang, waddling down the lane. "A happy day to you! Doo-doodley-dee . . . as happy as can be!"

A few moments later, as he neared his friend's home, Yakky stopped short, for there, lying quietly with closed eyes, was Chopper, his mouth drooping.

"Aw, poor Chopper," said Yakky. "I'm glad I came to see him. I must cheer him up. No one should be sad today."

Yakky patted Chopper's head in sympathy and said, "There, there, Chopper, everything will be all right."

When Chopper failed to move, Yakky stood on tiptoe and shouted into his ear, "Don't feel bad, Chopper! I've come to cheer you up and make you happy!"

"Huh? What?" said Chopper, opening one eye and snorting a little, as he came out of his sleep. "Oh, it's you, little fella." Then, opening both eyes, he asked, "What's the

trouble? Something wrong?"

"Oh, no," answered Yakky. "It's just such a wonderful day, you should be happy."

"M-m-m," murmured Chopper, dropping back into his sleep. "I'm happy, I'm happy."

"But you don't look happy, Chopper," Yakky insisted, tugging on his friend's ear. "Don't you think it's a wonderful day?"

"Oh, sure, little fella," said Chopper sleepily. "A wonderful day."

"Good," said Yakky Doodle, climbing up on Chopper's back. "You look better already. Let's go for a walk and then you'll feel lots better. Come on, Chopper."

Chopper sighed, and with half-opened eyes, slowly got to his feet.

"Let's go to the pond, Chopper," Yakky suggested. "It's a wonderful day to swim."

Like a sleepwalker, Chopper started out for the pond, with Yakky sitting on his back, directing him, for his eyes were so heavy, he scarcely knew what he was doing. As they neared the pond, Yakky shouted, "Here we are, Chopper!" but he was too late. Ker-splash! Chopper and Yakky hit the water!

"Oh, boy, Chopper," said Yakky in delight. "Doesn't this feel good?"

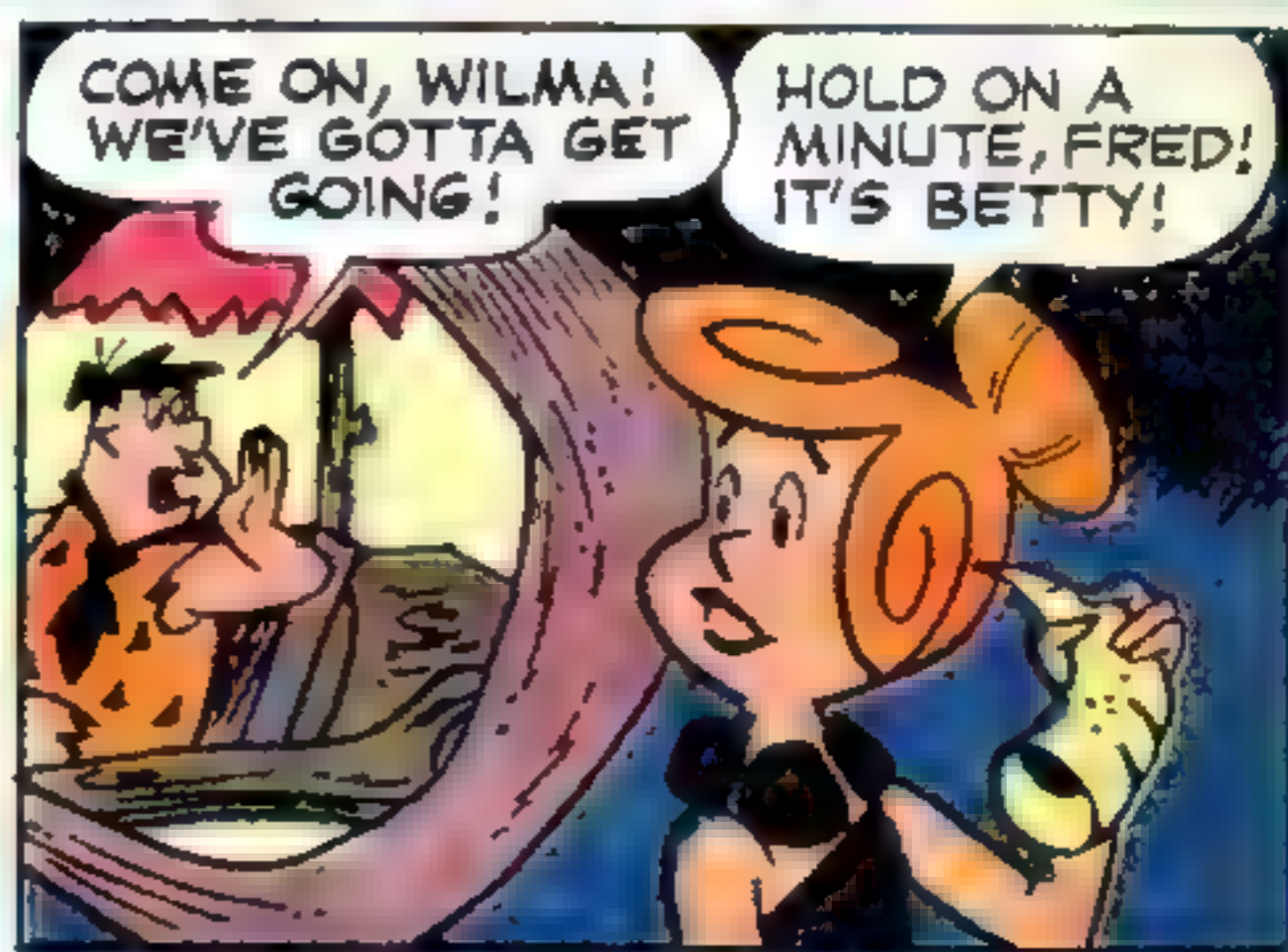
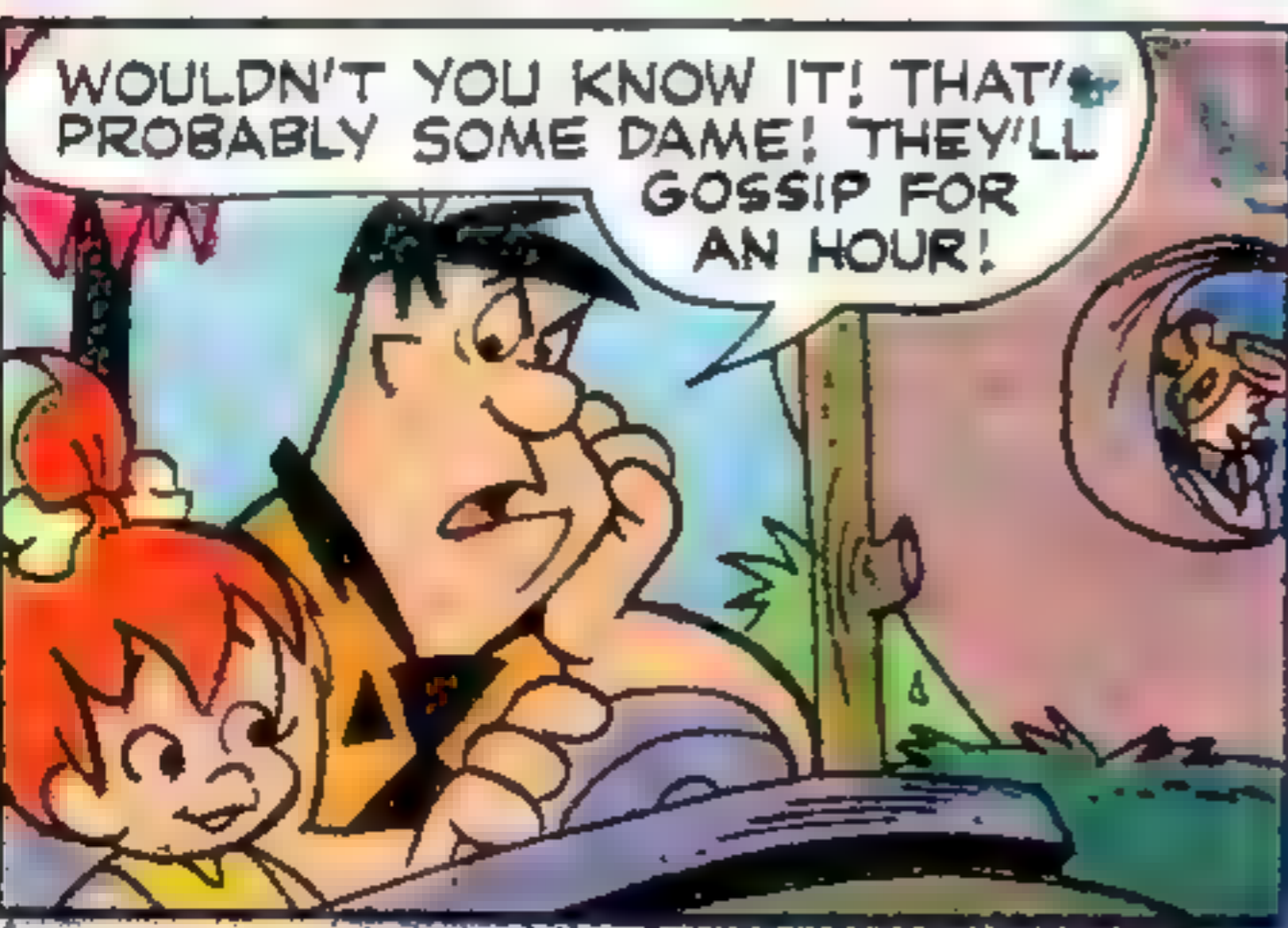
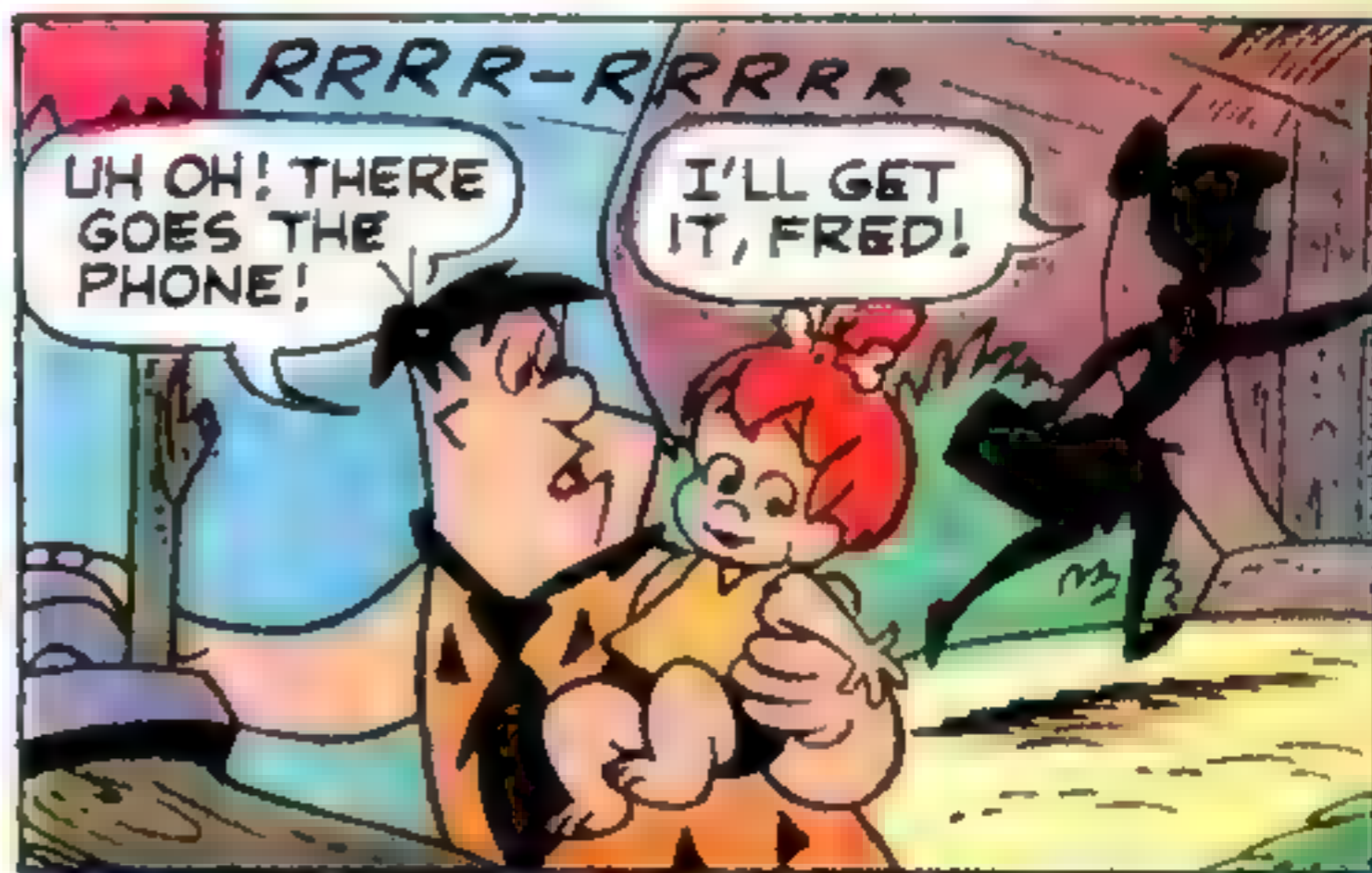
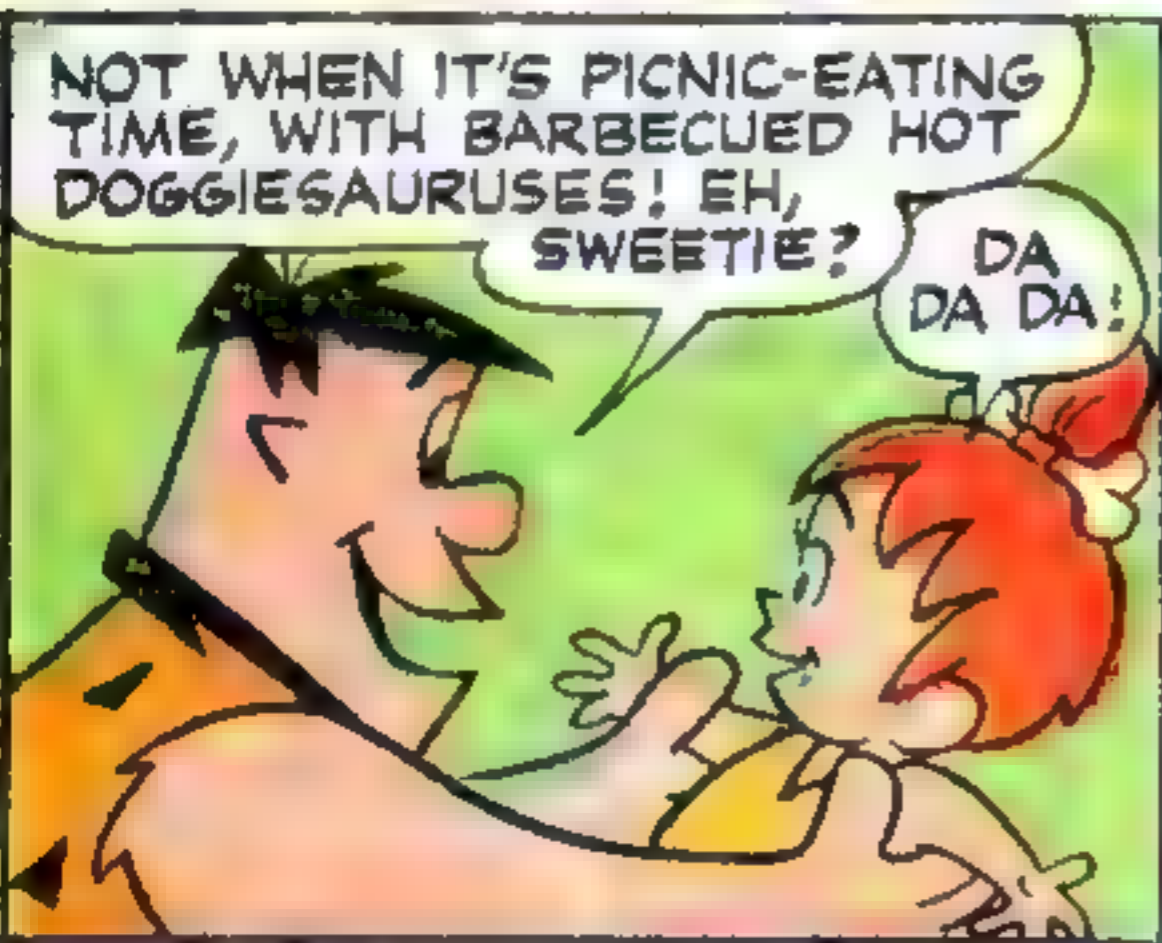
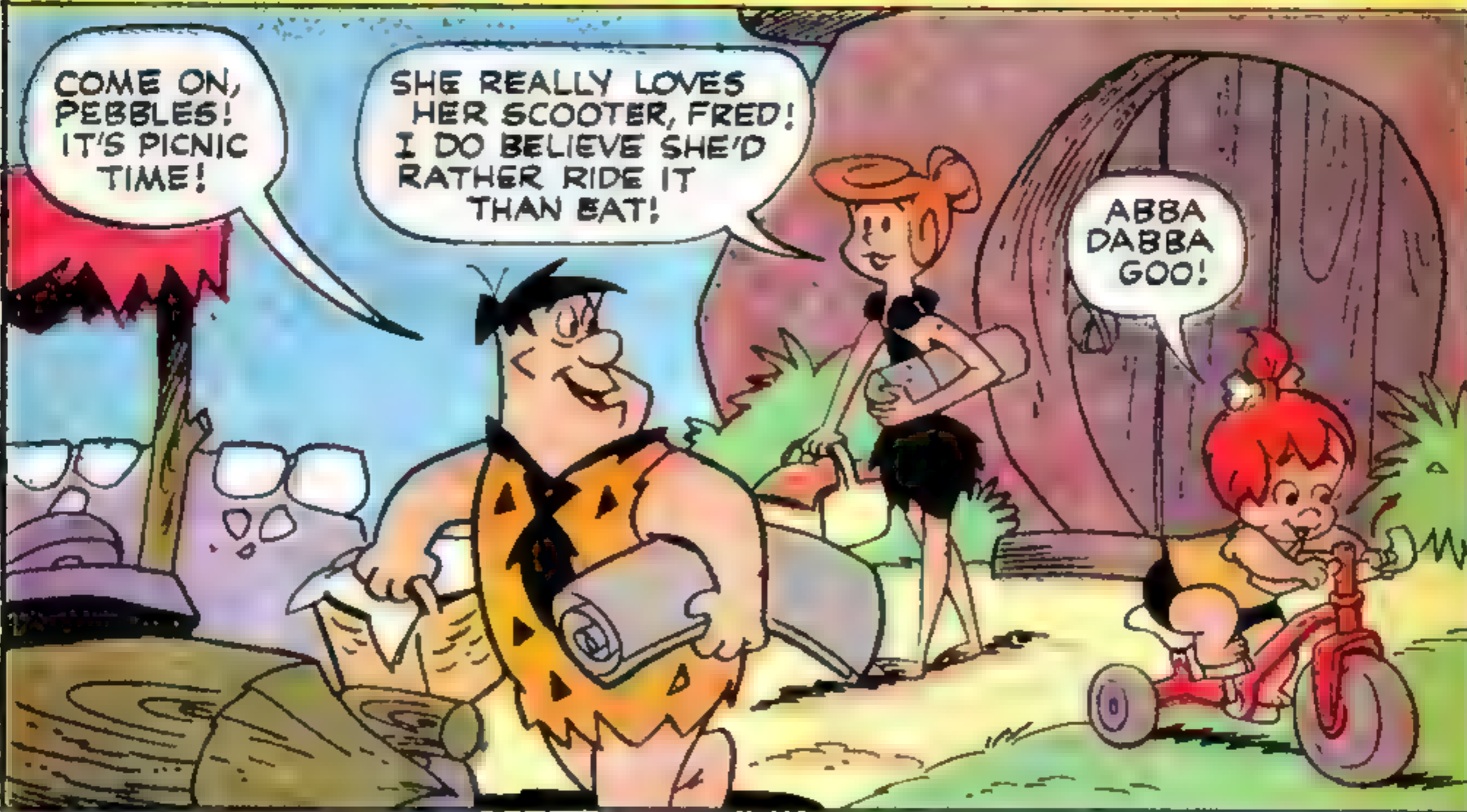
"Blub-blub-blub," was Chopper's reply, as he sank slowly toward the bottom.

"I'll save you, Chopper, I'll save you!" shouted Yakky, grabbing Chopper's tail and swimming to the surface. By the time they were back on shore, Chopper was thoroughly awake, but not very happy!

"Aw, poor Chopper," quacked Yakky. "You lie down right here and rest. Close your eyes now. I'll watch over you."

"All right, little fella," said Chopper, and he blissfully closed his eyes. But just as he was settling into sleep again, Yakky said, "I'm getting hungry. We'd better go home now, Chopper."

So back home went Chopper and Yakky Doodle, the little duck's spirits high and Chopper's spirits sinking lower. At last, when Yakky left his friend with a cheerful, "See, Chopper, it's a wonderful day, after all," Chopper heartily agreed, "It sure is!" Then he added in his thoughts, ". . . now that I can get some sleep." Closing his eyes once more, he sighed, "Yakky's a cute little fella, all right, and he has made me real happy . . . by just going home!"



I FORGOT ABOUT THE **SUPER SALE** AT THE **GRINDSTONE DEPARTMENT STORE!**
I THOUGHT IT WAS TOMORROW!

YOU MEAN YOU'D
CALL OFF OUR
PICNIC?

I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS
SALE! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE
PEBBLES AND GO ON!
I **PROMISED**
BETTY I'D
GO WITH
HER!

OH,
ALL
RIGHT!

LET'S MAKE LIKE WE
PLANNED IT THIS WAY, PEBBLES!
WE WILL HAVE FUN ALL BY
OURSELVES!

HERE'S A FINE SPOT!
JUST WHAT THE
DOCTOR ORDERED!

YABBA
DABBA
GOO!

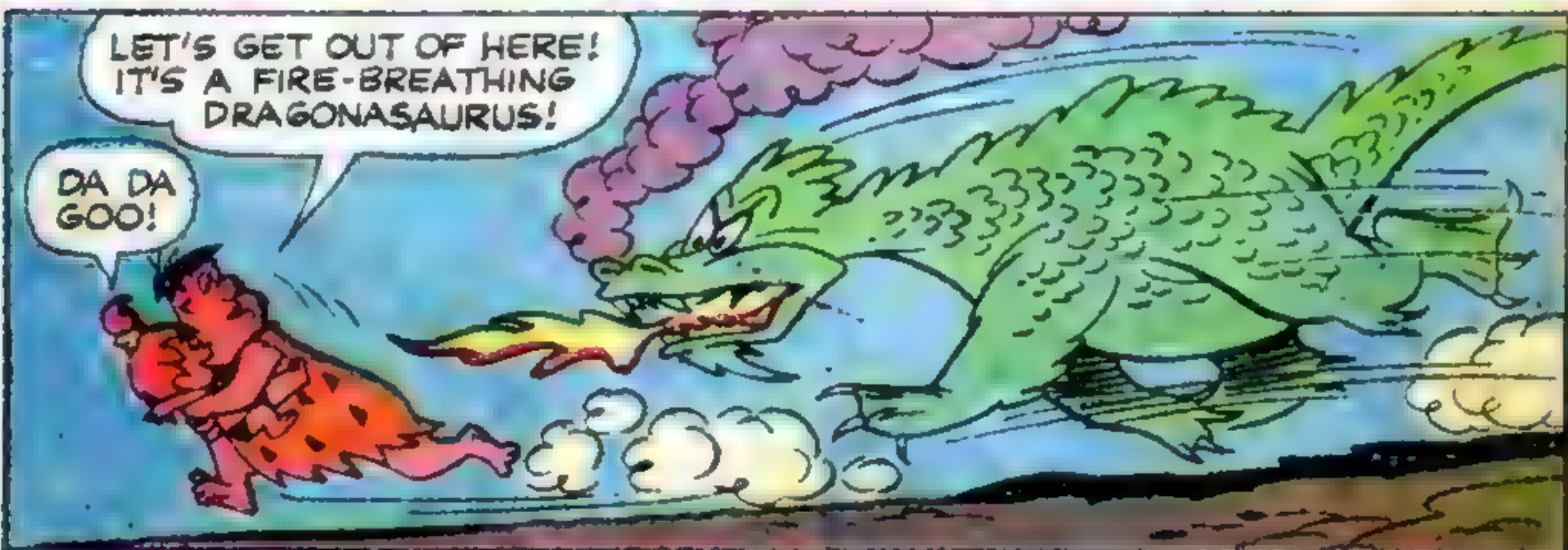
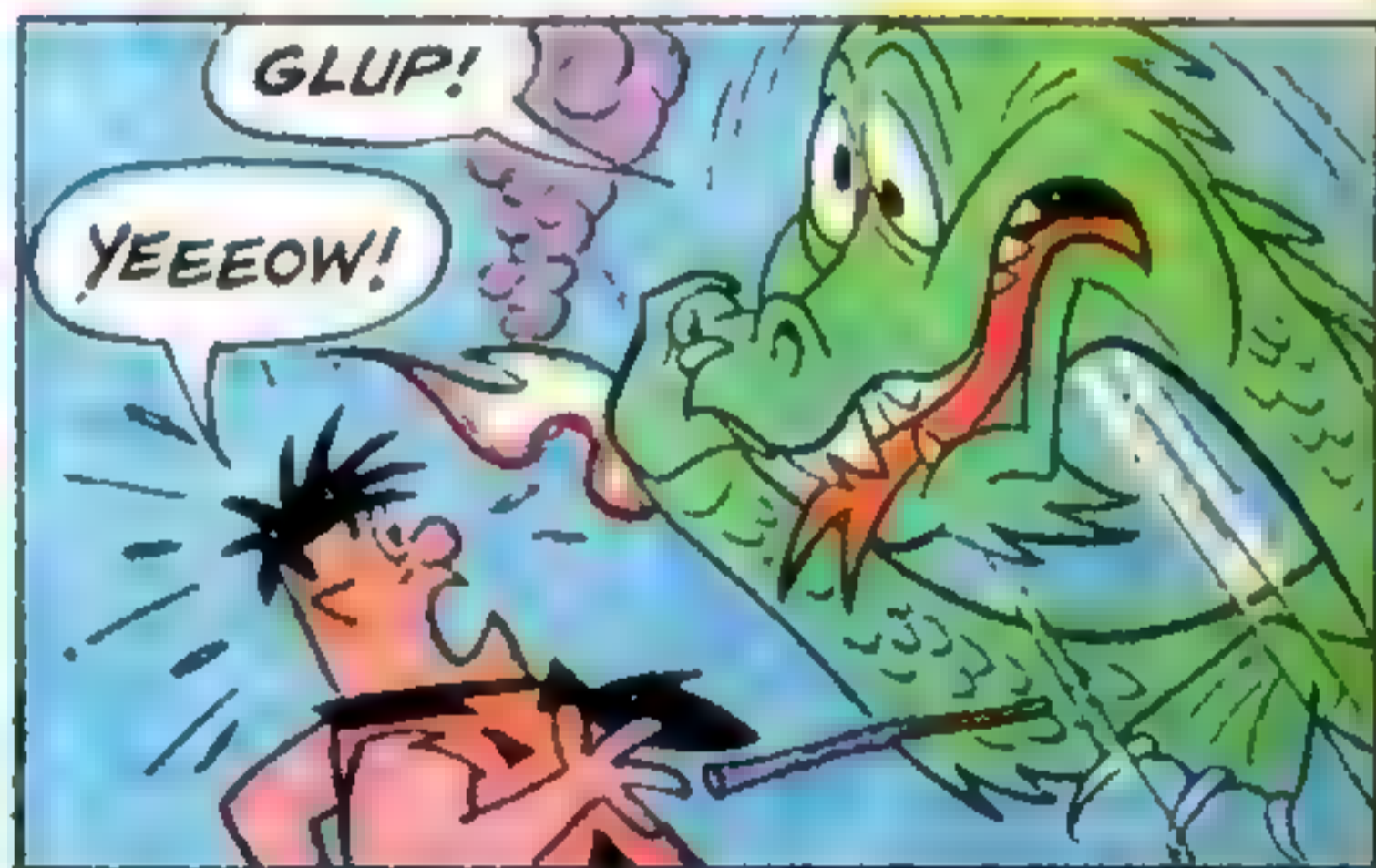
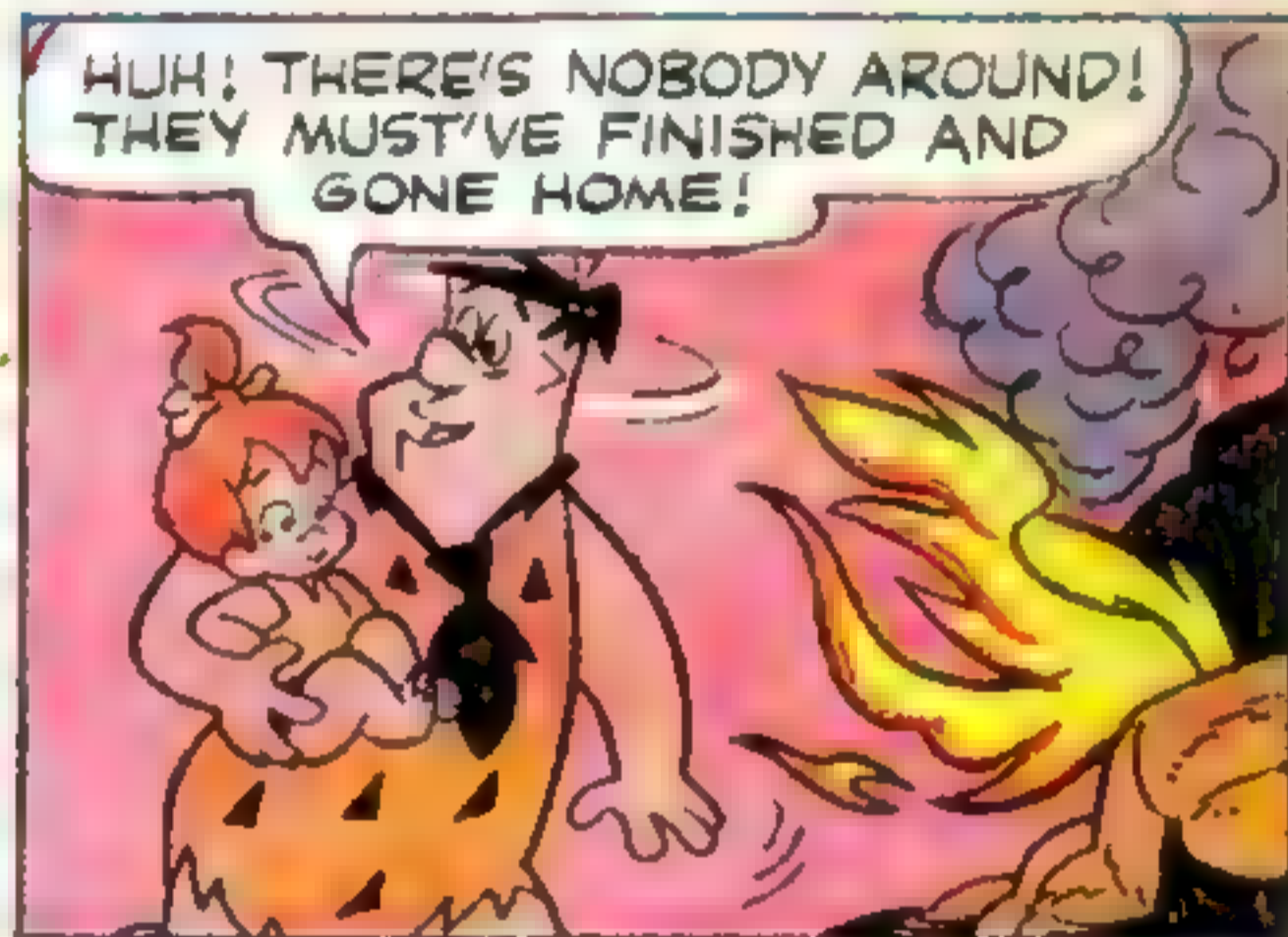
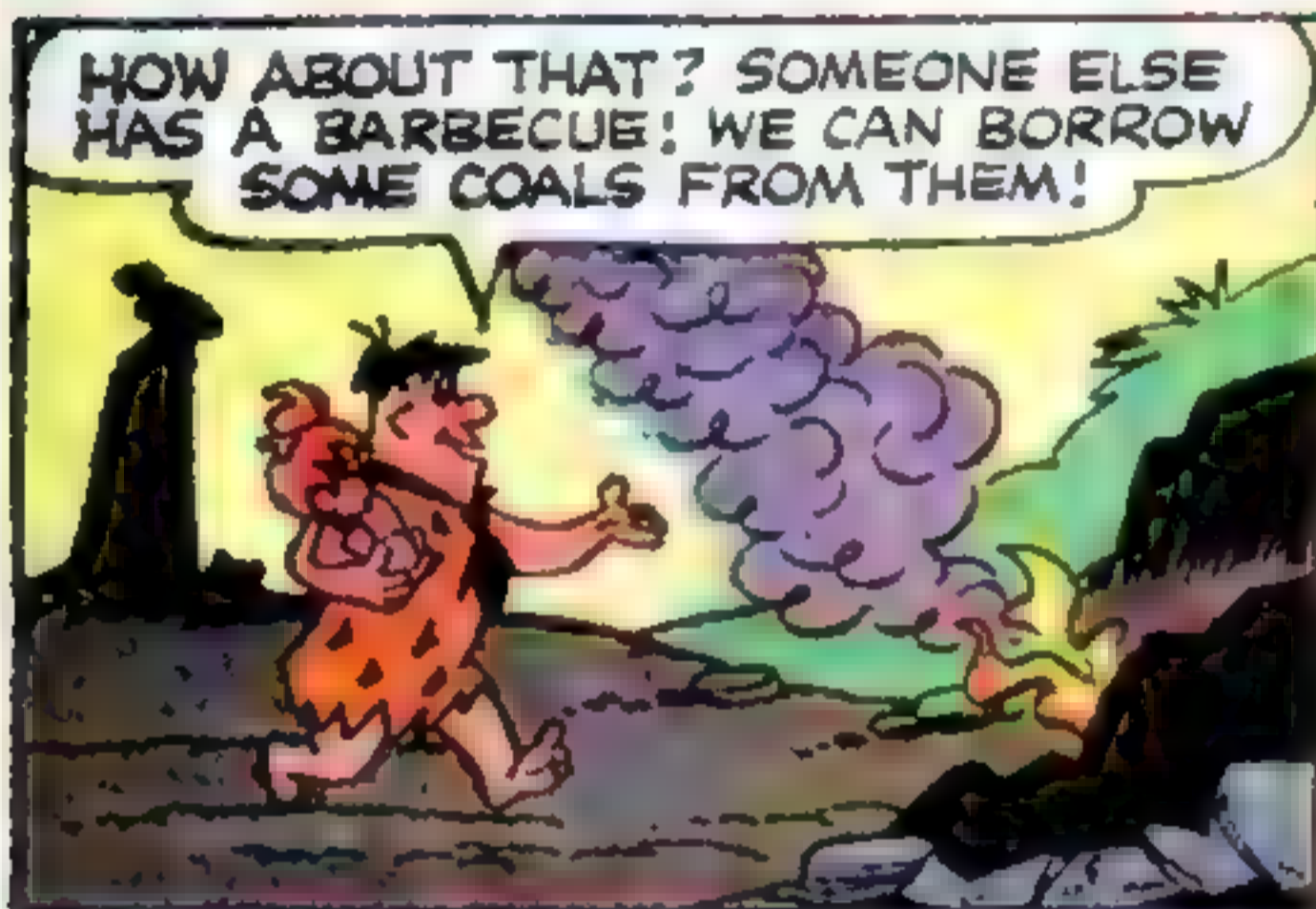
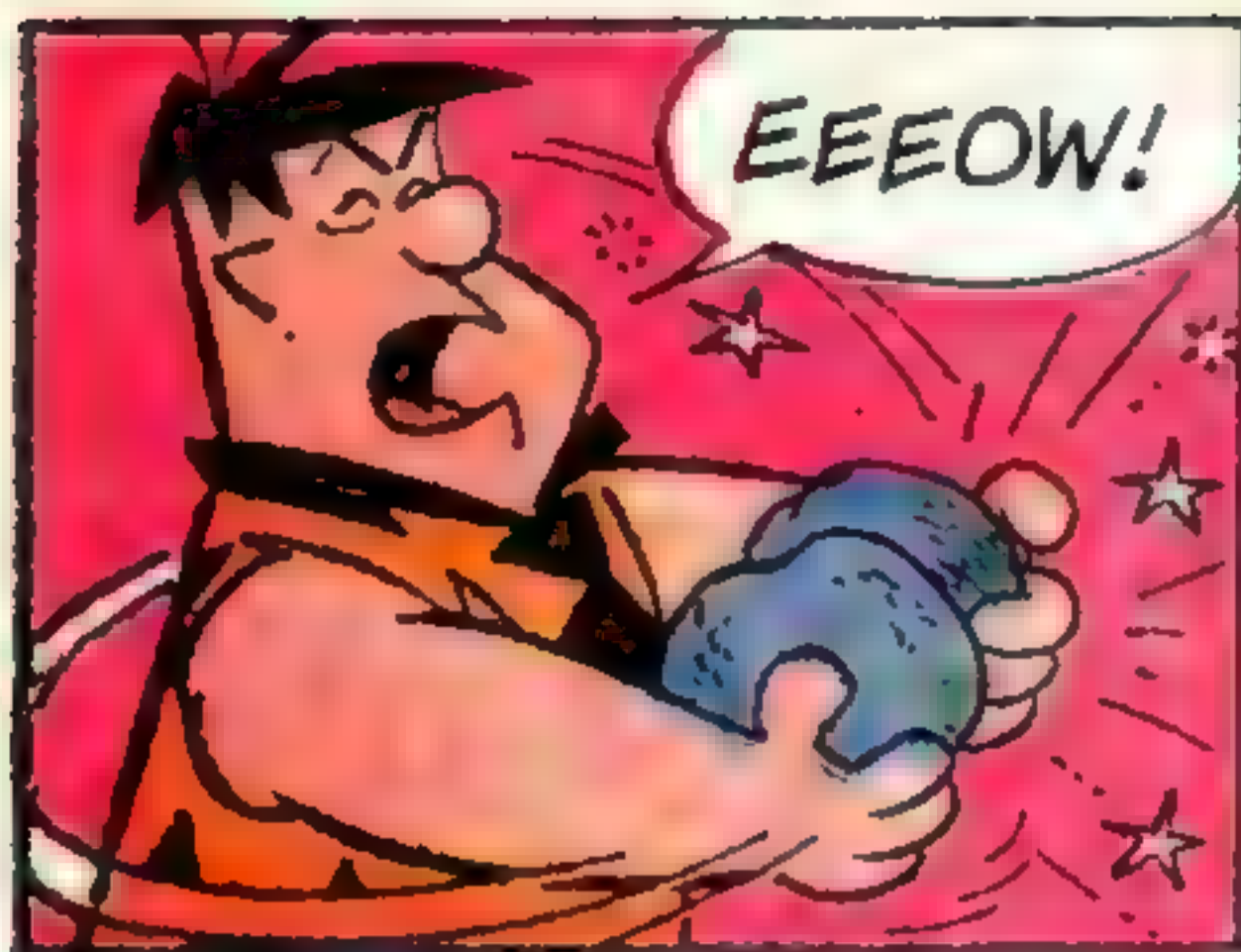
SHORTLY...

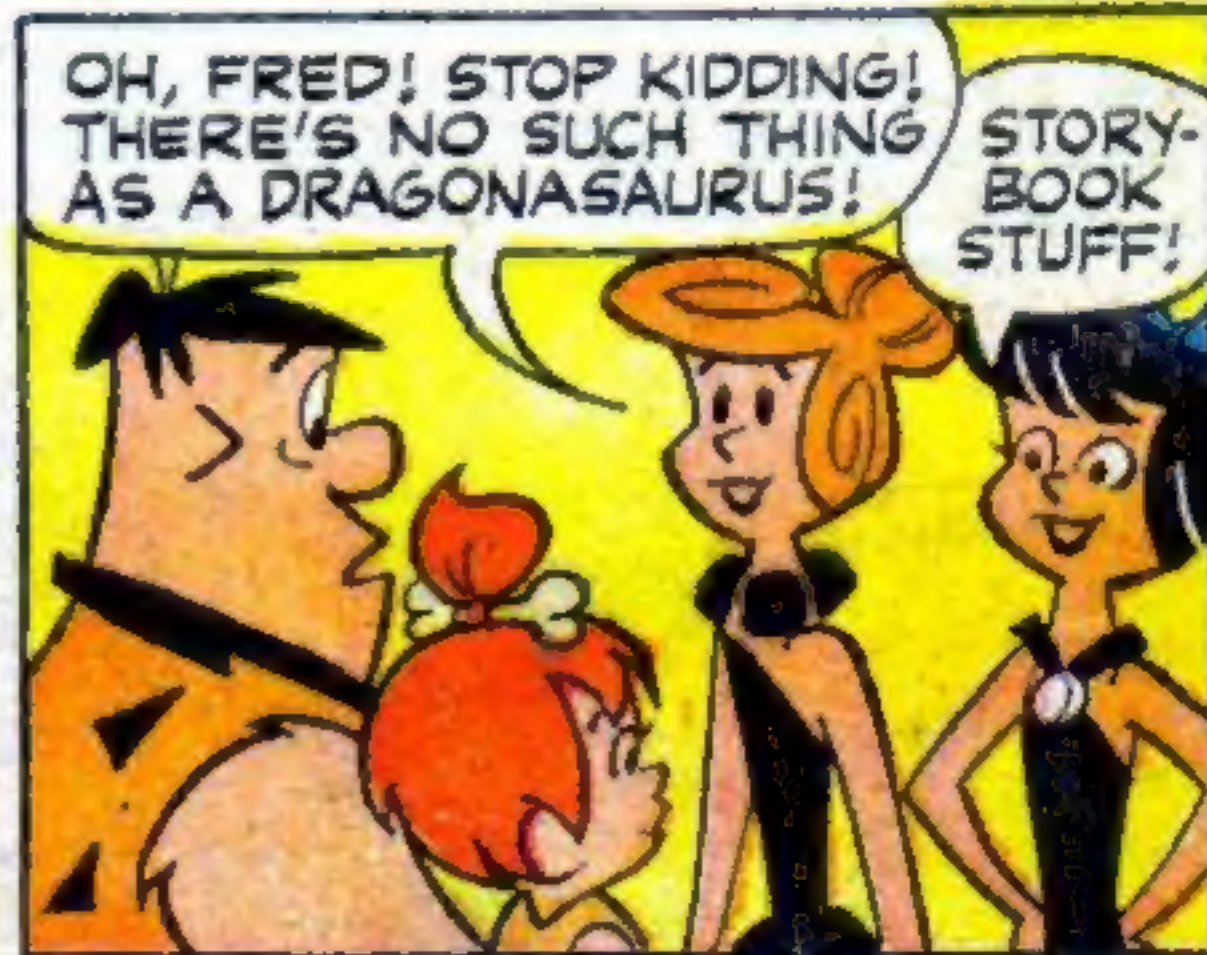
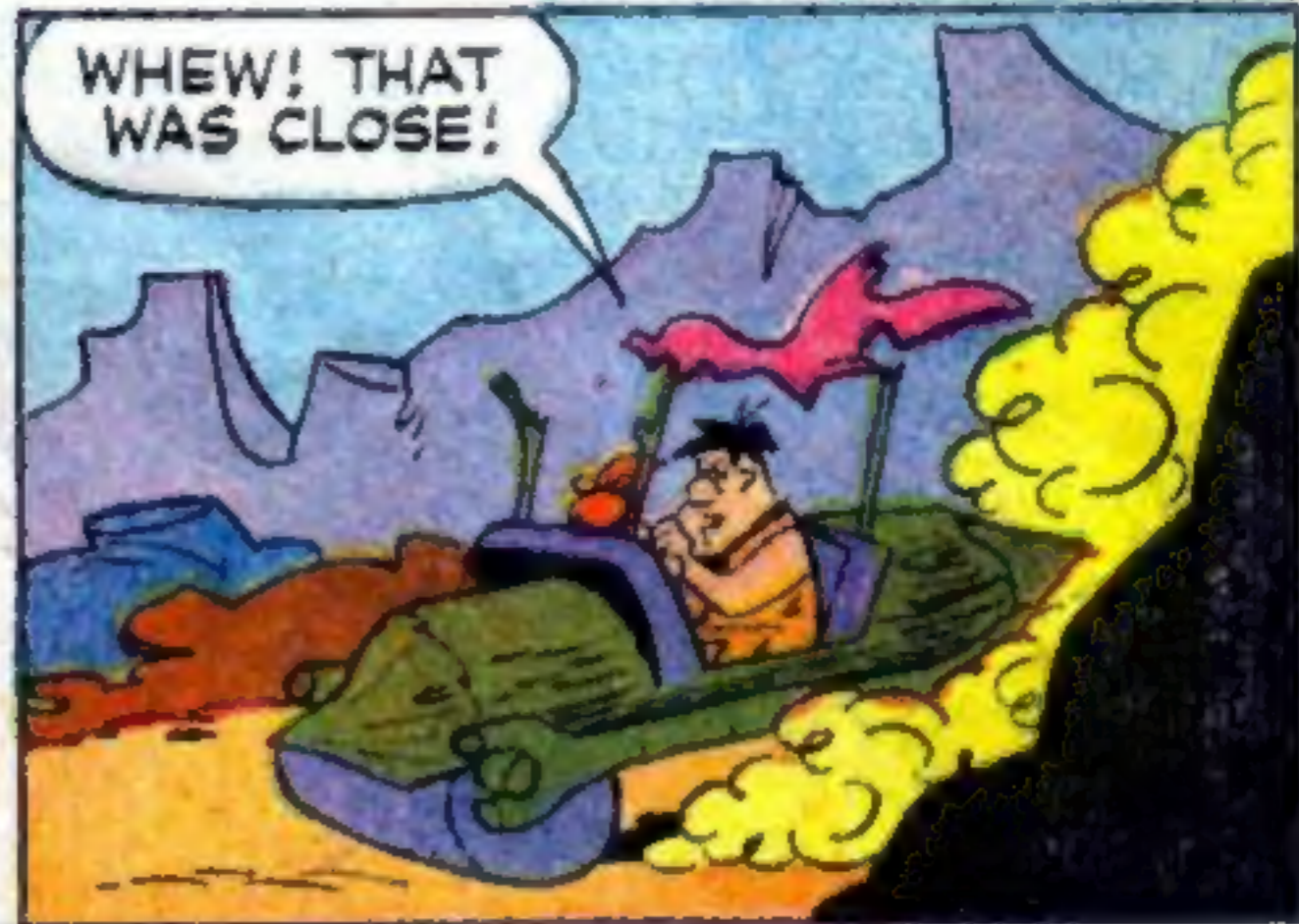
NOW DADDY WILL GET A FIRE GOING
AND ROAST SOME HOT DOGGIESAURUSES!
AND WE'LL TOAST MARSHMALLOWS,
TOO!

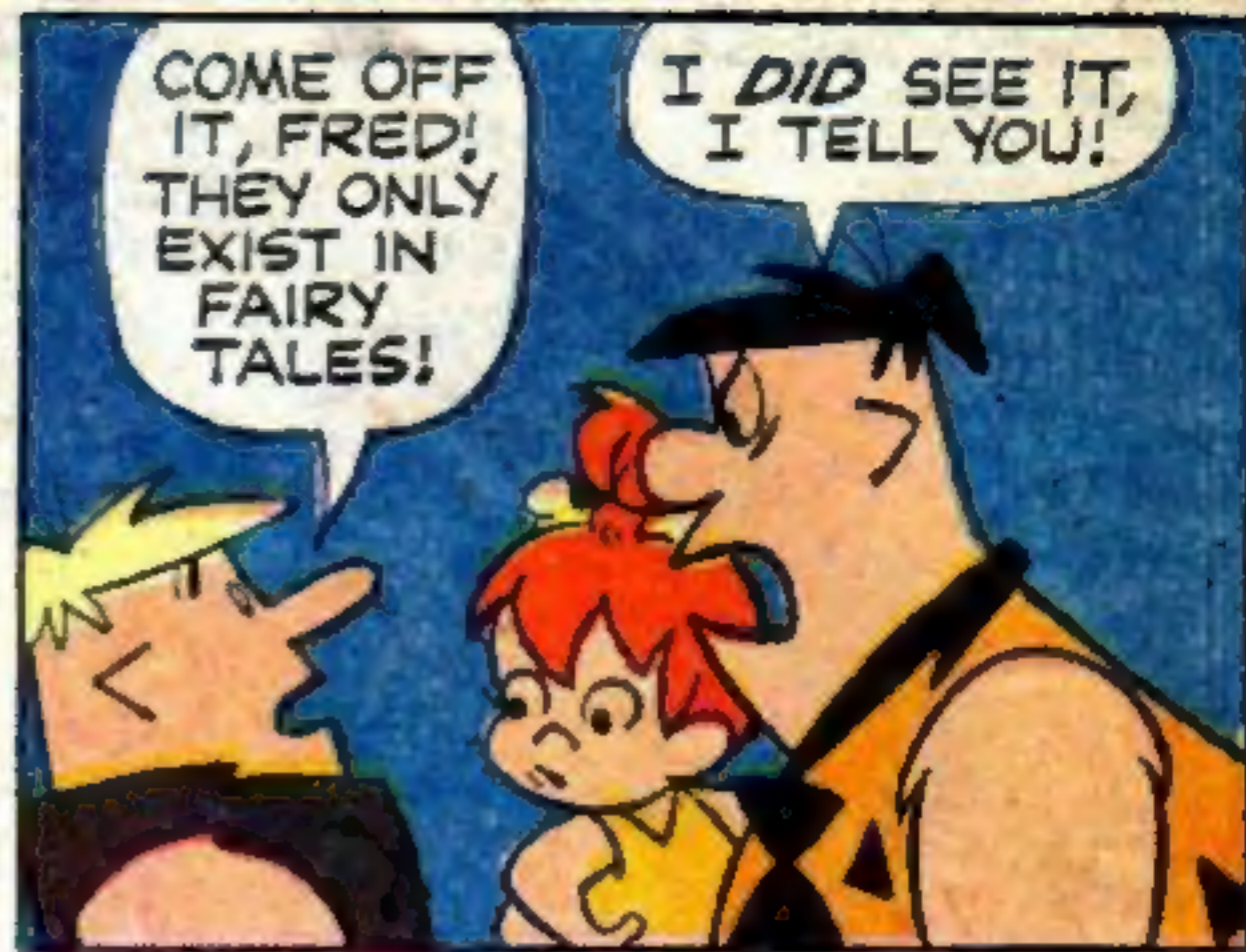
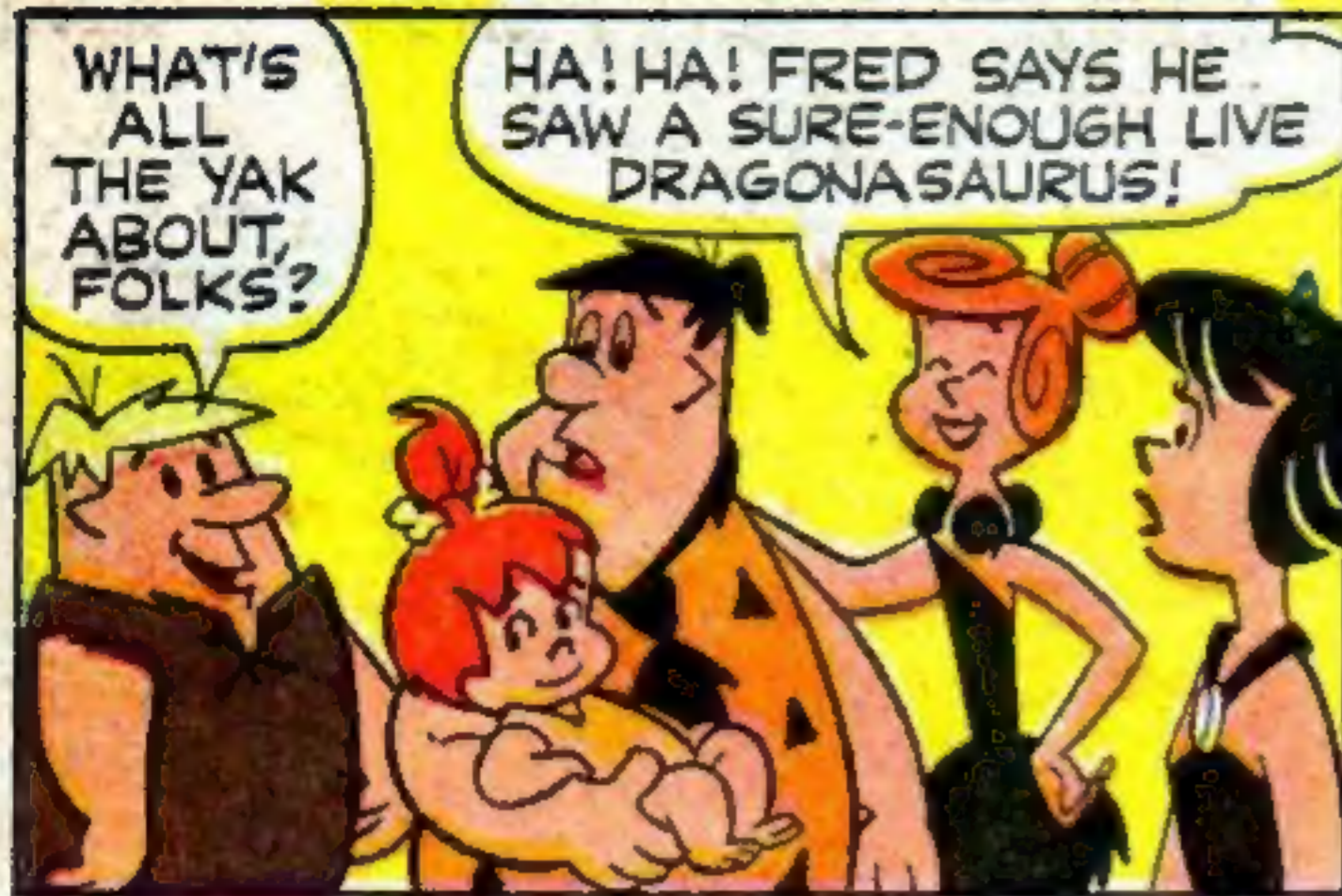
DA
DA!

AH! THERE ARE
A COUPLA NICE
STONES! IT'S A
WONDERFUL AGE
WE'RE LIVING
IN, PEBBLES!

WE MERELY SMASH TWO
STONES TOGETHER...
AND **PRESTO...**
WE LIGHT THE
FIRE!







ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
GO TO THE SALE!
I'LL JUST TAKE
ALONG MY
CAMERA AND
PROVE IT!

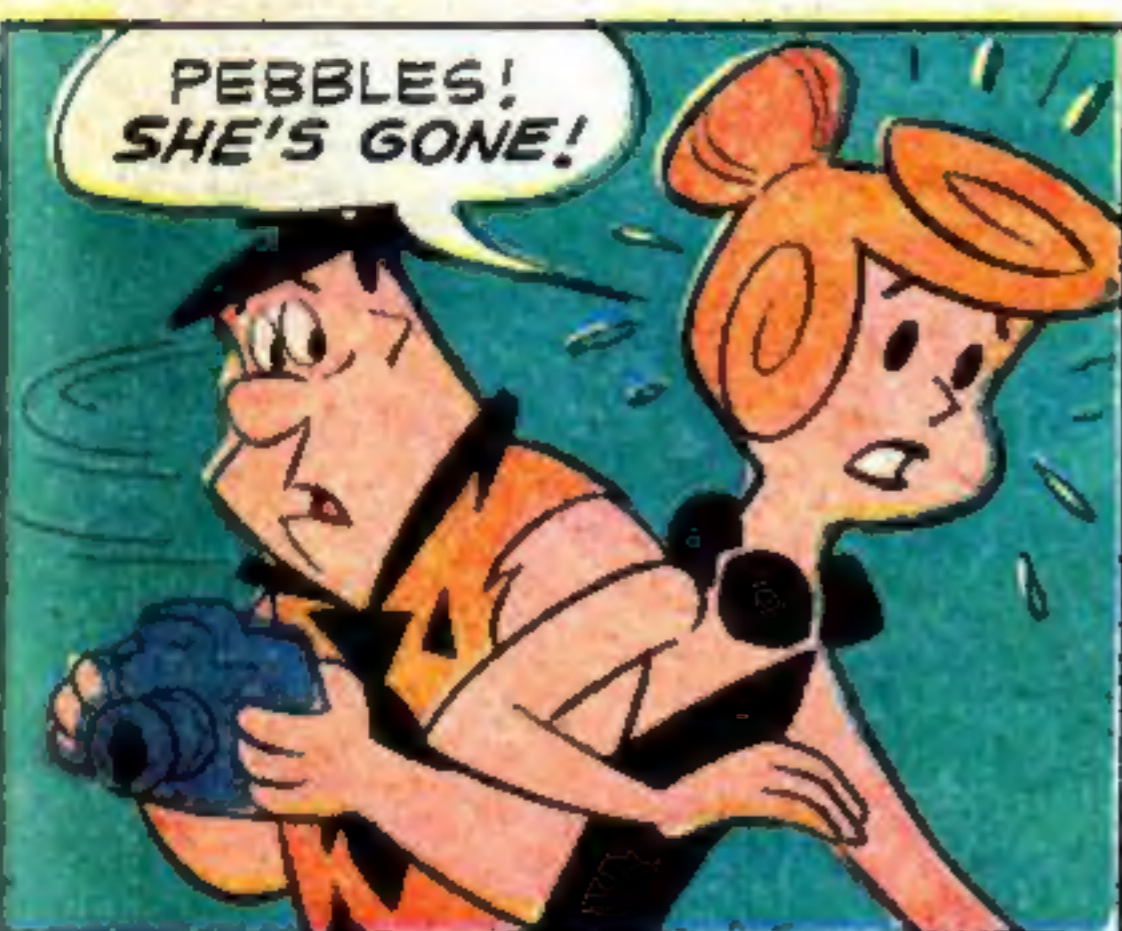


YUK! YUK! HE SURE
IS CARRYING THAT
BLUFF TO THE
LIMIT!

YOU PLAY ALONG
WITH IT, BARNEY!
WE'LL TAKE
PEBBLES AND GO
ON TO THE SALE!



PEBBLES!
SHE'S GONE!



LOOK! HER SCOOTER TRACKS
LEAD OUT THE
BACK
GATE!

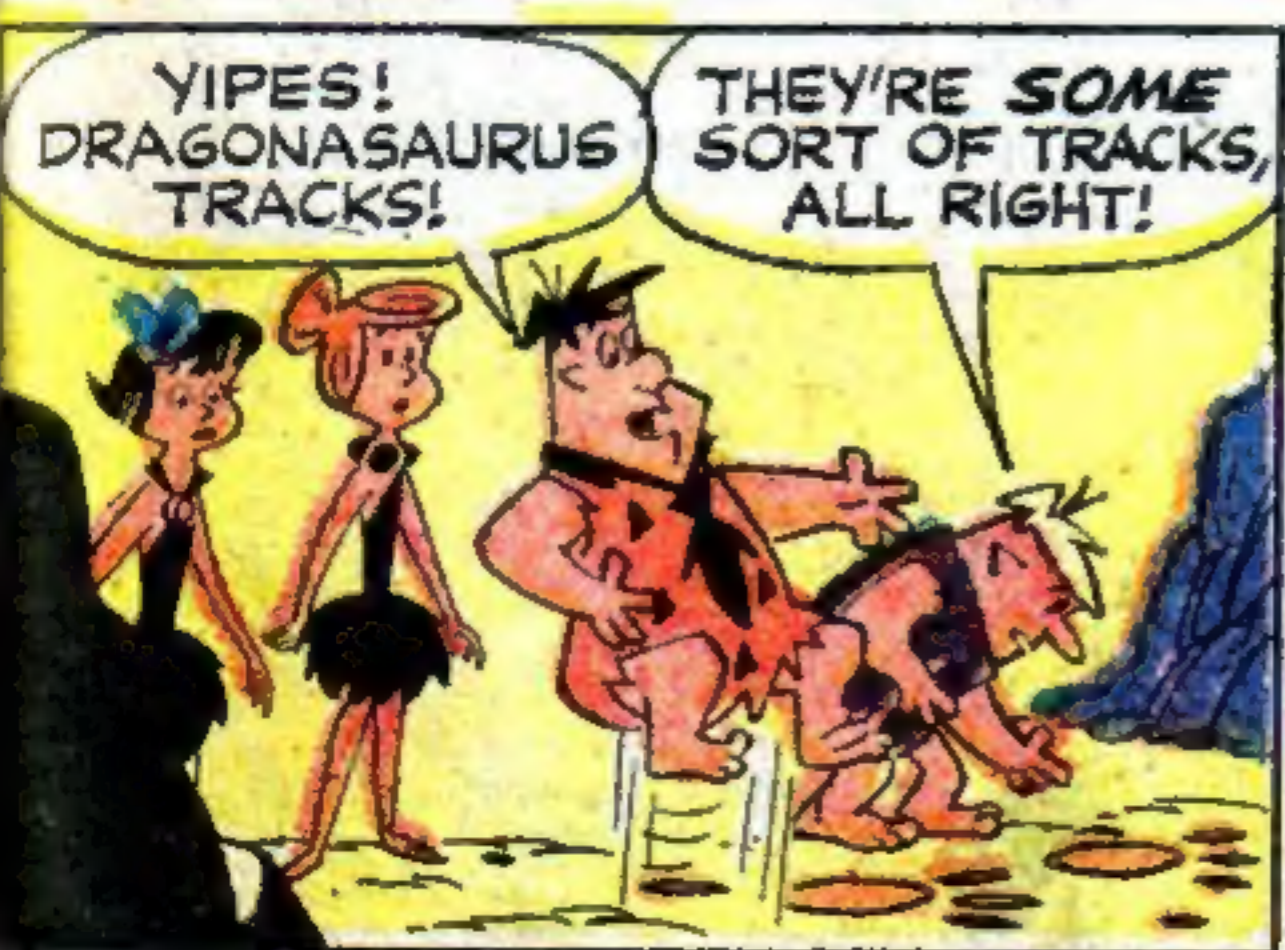


THEY HEAD
RIGHT FOR
PUDDINGSTONE
PARK!

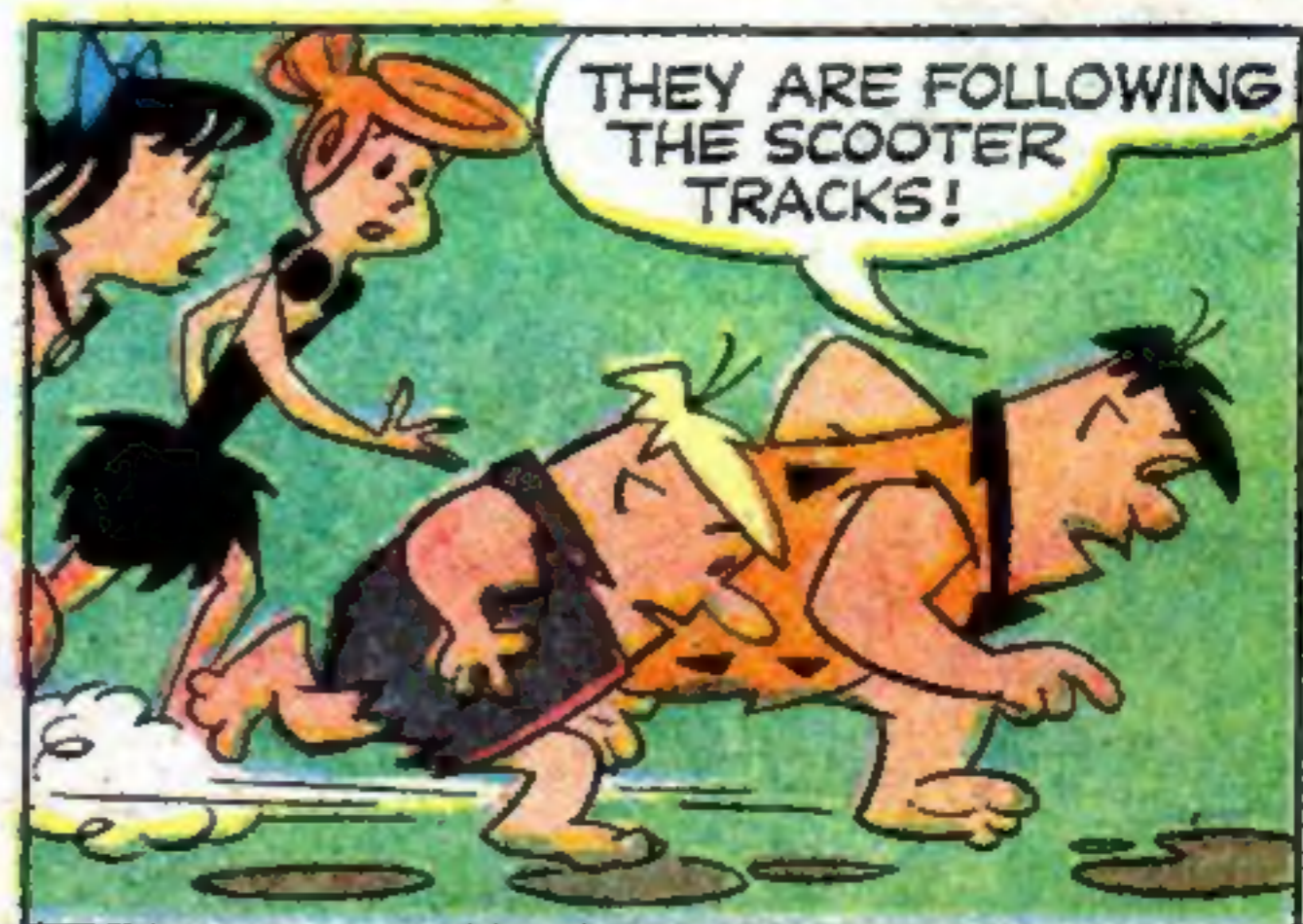


YIPES!
DRAGONASAURUS
TRACKS!

THEY'RE **SOME**
SORT OF TRACKS,
ALL RIGHT!



THEY ARE FOLLOWING
THE SCOOTER
TRACKS!





SMOKE!



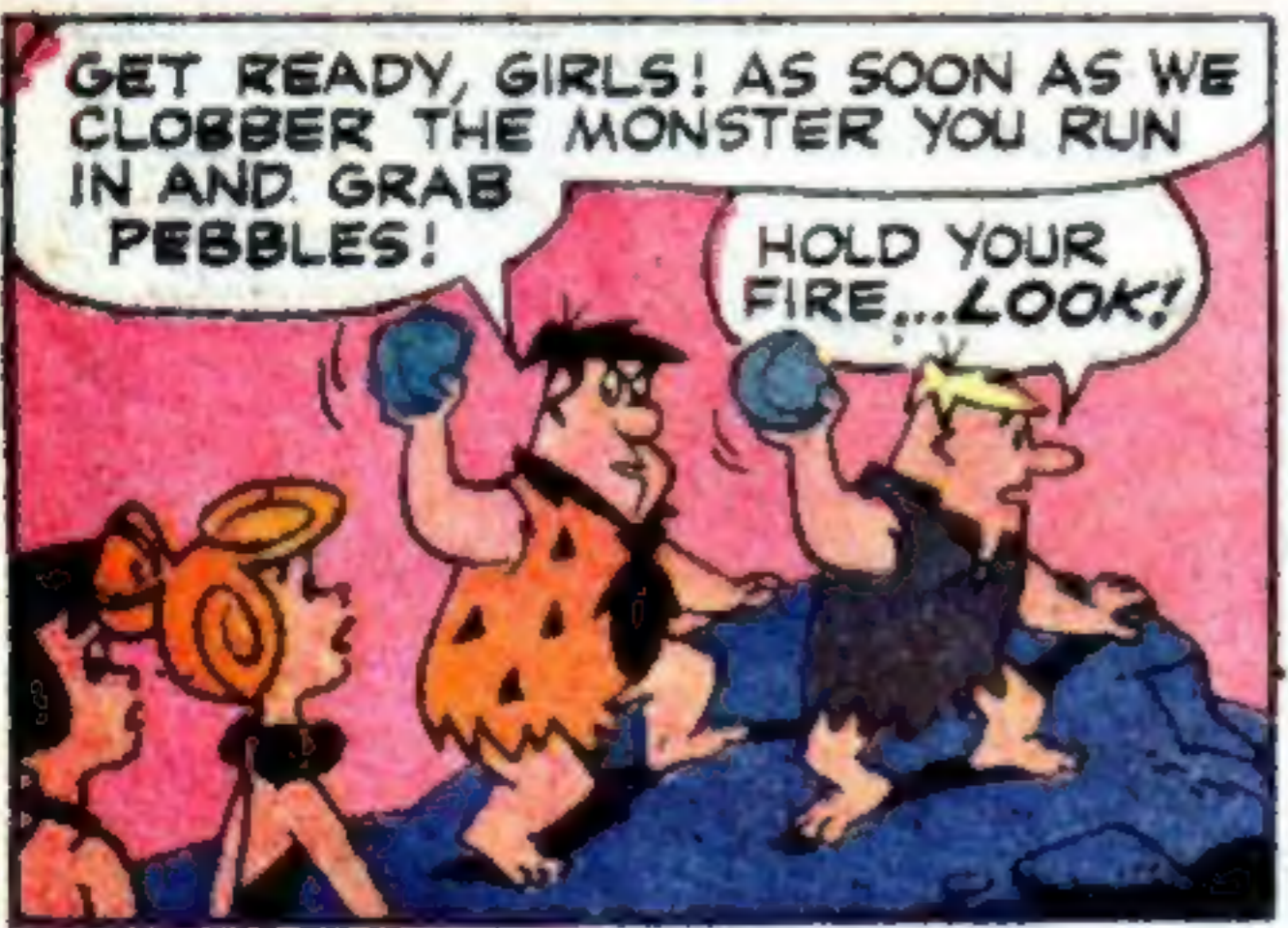
NOW DO YOU BELIEVE THERE'S SUCH A THING AS A DRAGONASAUROS, BARNEY?

LET'S HOPE IT'S ONLY PICNICKERS, FRED!



YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIT THOSE TRACKS FOLLOWING PEBBLES WEREN'T PICNICKERS' TRACKS!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, FRED!



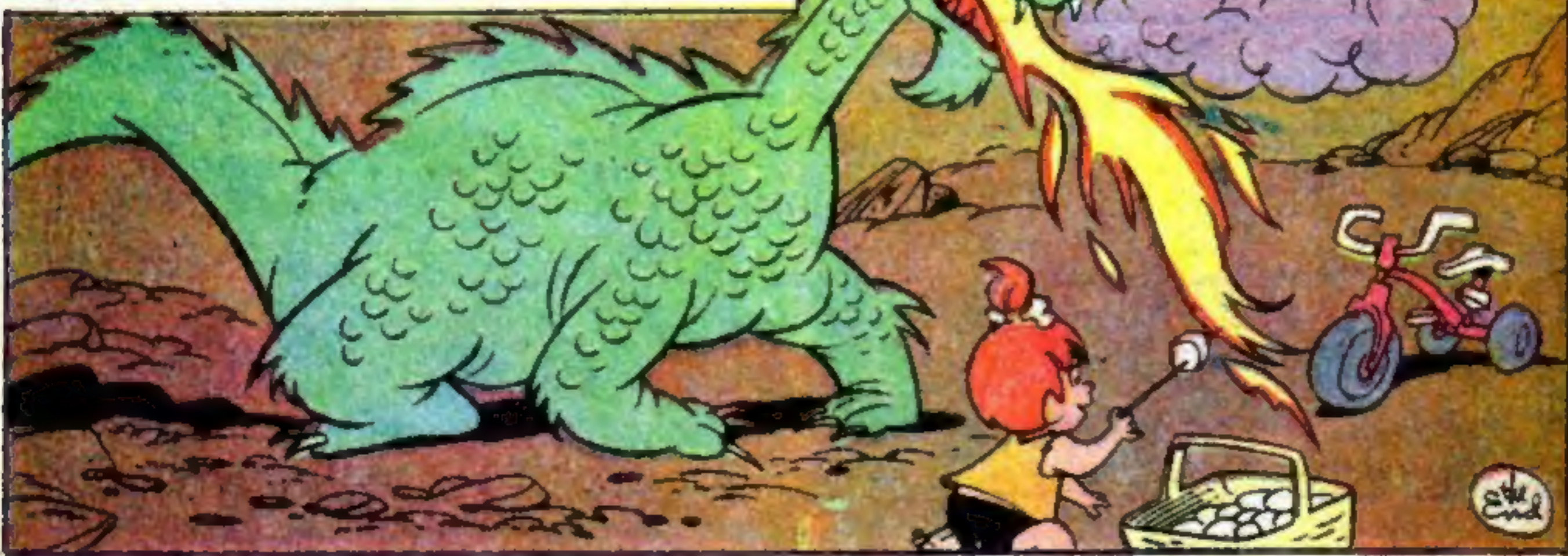
GET READY, GIRLS! AS SOON AS WE CLOBBER THE MONSTER YOU RUN IN AND GRAB PEBBLES!

HOLD YOUR FIRE...LOOK!



ISN'T THAT SWEET! PEBBLES CAME BACK HERE TO TOAST HER MARSHMALLOWS!

YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIT HE'S FOR REAL, WILMA!



END